KNAVE

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 10

Special
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AND
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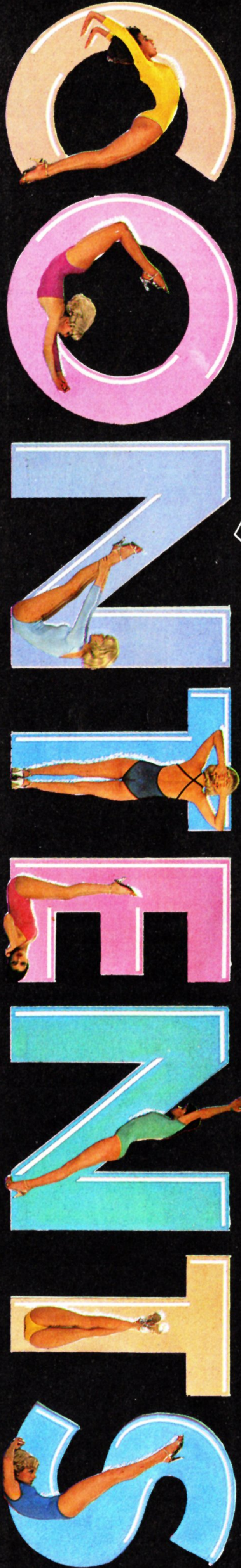

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST

FAYME

With a name like Fayme, I suppose you're all anticipating a plethora of pathetic puns, an avalanche of ambivalent verbal atrocities and an excess of ennui in the double entendre department. Not this time, I'm afraid. It's too bloody hot and my word processor's just had a melt down.

Fayme comes from France but assures us that her liver's okay. In fact, she swears that she's teetotal — and we still gave her the job. How's that for liberality? On a more uplifting note, she's promised that next time she undrapes for us, she'll dig out her fishnet stockings and the skirt with the slit up to her shoulders. She also muttered something about a really great trick with a jar of mustard and a French loaf. We can hardly wait!

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

BY W.F. GUTTERSNIPE

BARREL OF FUN

This particular trainee bedouin was getting pretty pissed off with his camel, the disgusting creature gobbed in his eye every time he tried to stop it peeing in water holes. But no sooner had he nipped back into his tent to get his gun, when out of the desert sands appeared this young female animal rights activist who promptly, and gamely, shoved her left nipple into the firing line.

Happiness may be a warm gun, but that's only of academic interest to her. Either he stores his shooter in the ice-box, or one of those hairy desert spiders has been having a kip up the barrel and is at this very moment turning its ticklish attention to the mammary in question.

Whatever, he seems to be catching on to the fact that there are things in life more exciting than a barrel full of monkeys. Could be that he's setting his sights on other things, like keeping abreast of young female activists . . .

SOFA SO GOOD

A quick taster for two of the dishes coming up in this month's issue, but mostly a warning to anyone with a positive phobia about sofas — lock this magazine away immediately, because El Gutto and his motley photographic crew have gone barmy on them.

The blonde on grey is Marie, as photographed by Jack Rogers, and before you ask — no, I don't know what that thing is on her sofa-side table. But I can guess where it's been.

The Brunette on white, meanwhile, is a K.K. Jones study of Sasha — a lady who is fumbling in her knickers as if she's lost something. Her virginity? No, silly, that was yonks ago, and in any case she gave it away. Something small and pink, you think? In that case she can stop looking immediately. You've left it on Marie's table, you daft bat!

CAUGHTSHORT

STAY STIFF THE STEEL WAY

I don't know if women get the collywobbles from seeing other women, for example, shrieking as they inadvertently career downhill on a hard-seated bicycle over a cobbled road, or walking clitoris first into the corner of a desk. But I'm perfectly sure that most blokes clamp their knees together in sympathy at the first sight of any other chap suffering an indignity to his goolies.

Any sitting room full of 'types sportifs' watching a game of soccer and seeing a centre forward copping a toe-cap in the meat and two veg will instinctively react with a cry of 'oohyerbooger' before more rationally reflecting that your average Arsenal player has automatically done much to deserve a day or two crabbing around with a John Wayne walk.

The knee-jerk cringe which sends one's spherical organs scuttling for cover into bodily cavities has equally been known to apply during those early Seventies news films from India showing fellows bending over and touching their toes while doctors give their goolies a swift wipe with local anaesthetic and perform quickie vasectomies. And I for one have to repress a shudder every time I pass a butchers with a plate of 'sweetbreads' sitting in the window with the sign '90p per lb' or whatever cruelly spiked through one of them.

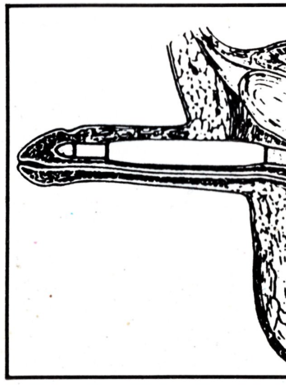
I remark upon this only to explain to you why it should be that tingles ran up my spine when El Gutto the editor recently passed on to me the press pack from a Wisconsin company called Surgitek, now operating in Britain and specialising in penile prosthetic equipment, or in other words mechanical implants for the impotent. This is the equivalent, I suppose, of artificial hip-joints for your plonker!

Stretching my memory, I do recall by being a little taken aback when first told of these devices by a biologist friend of mine some ten years or so ago — the point, if I recall correctly, at which hinges were first introduced. The first implants had been solid rods, you see, which effectively entailed prancing around with a permanent prong on, which meant that the patient might now be able to perform a prod but couldn't very well go for a swim at the local public pool. Not without stainless steel bathing trunks, at any rate.

Next, as I say, came slightly nattier little numbers with hinges in them — and also 'malleable' prostheses — whereby you could point the stiff down your leg or wherever, but still needed to change your position with some degree of caution or be caught looking like a mobile marquee.

And then, most recently, inflatable erections of which the latest development (hence the press release) fair makes your correspondent's orbs water. You get it up, it seems, by a few quick squeezes behind the helmet — where the pump is situated — and get it back down by bending it at the base. I should imagine that this mode of deflation would rule out several of the more exotic positions to be found in the Observer Book of Pokes!

It is not, I hope you will understand, that I mean cruelly to make fun of the 10 per cent or more of the population who can't readily raise the standard — and no doubt once the Scrundle's Peculiar Old Throbbing Ale finally consigns me to a permanent, instead of simply frequent, state of 'brewers' I shall be grateful for such wonders of modern technology — it's just that at the moment the whole idea sends shivers through my personal timber.

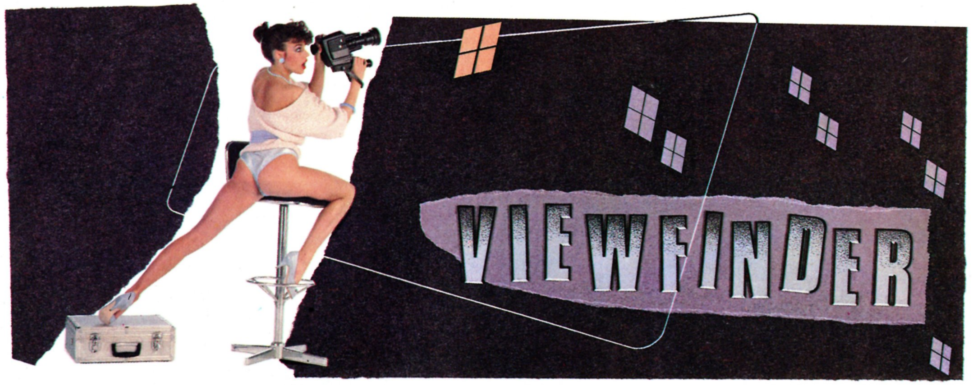


Lucky though we undoubtedly are to have such equipment on offer to us, for more serious damage to the male member we should all be better off in — of all places — the People's Republic of China.

Since the demise of Mao, it appears, Chinese medical whizz-kids have been allowed to compete aggressively in devising new and wonderful forms of surgery, and it has now come to light that the people's scalpel artists have for the last three years been performing no less delicate an operation than the penis transplant.

Not, I hasten to add, that this is to be taken in the same way as heart or kidney transplants. No one, so far as I know, is wandering around with an alien weapon in his trousers, and I doubt very much that you are likely, for the time being, to be hearing Esther Rantzen appealing for a tadger on That's Life. No, what the oriental experts are up to is rebuilding organs stricken by cancer, speeding bicycles, irate husbands etc. by taking tissue from the patient's arm, which is what a spare short arm should be cobbled together from, I suppose. Stunning, nonetheless.

And apparently they're still talking about going into complete head transplants next. I mean — just think who you might wake up perched on top of! Fair gives me the willies . . . ■



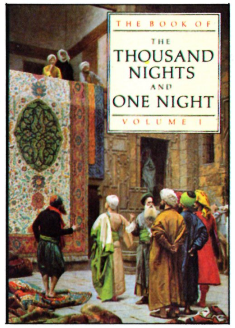
VIEWFINDER

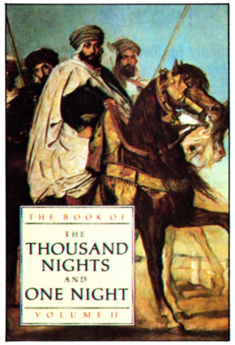
BOOKS

Contrary to many of the low and baseless allegations made about this column, I do not regard it as a licence to be self indulgent. I do try to pick a fairly representative stock from the books that come in to be reviewed. You *could* attribute it to personal bias that I rarely seem to review any of the mounds of HOW TO DO SEX PROPERLY books that come in in their flocking hordes. You could also attribute it to the fact that so few of them have anything to say that is either a) interesting, b) new, or c) correctly punctuated. The mammoth bestsellers send me to sleep, as an author tells yet another rags-to-riches yarn, inserting the obligatory big names, the sex-every-fifty-pages: all the standard ingredients once more reheated. The fantasies repeat each other; the 'Literature' is polished but dull; the erotica rarely erotic.

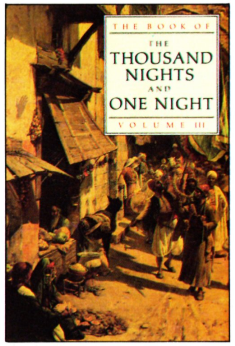
This is why I can get almost messianic about the good books when they appear. And which is why I have fallen head-over-heels in love with — and intend to spend far too much time discussing — a new, complete edition of The Arabian Nights, or to give it its proper name, ***The Thousand Nights and One Night.***

The Nights is one of those books I had always meant to read one day, when I found a reasonably complete and fairly unexpurgated edition, so you can imagine my emotion when the complete, unexpurgated, four volume, six-hundred-pages-per-volume, paperback edition *(Routledge & Kegan Paul. £5.95 each, £20.00 set)* thudded through my letterbox. If you can't imagine my emotion, it was a union, in which apprehension mingled with anxiety, consternation, awe and panic: four thick books! I had promised myself I would read it one day. Now that the day had arrived I wasn't so sure.

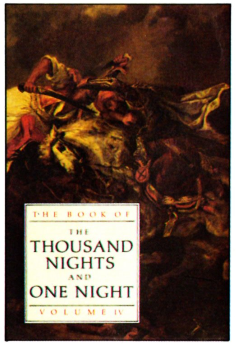




After an initial hesitation (twenty four hundred pages is a *long* way to read) I started, and my expectations were soon surpassed. The Nights is a Chinese Box of stories within stories. In order to stop his wife being unfaithful to him, King Shahryar sleeps with a virgin at night, and has her executed in the morning. However the wise Scheharazade goes to his bed and aided by her little sister begins telling him stories, breaking off as dawn is breaking to continue her tales on the following night. Over four hundred stories, some of them — albeit stripped of their sexual, scatological, or political material — well known (Aladdin, for example, or Sinbad the Sailor), others almost unknown.

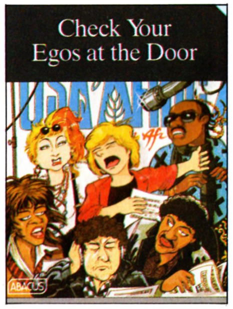


I kept promising myself I'd stop when I reached the end of the book I was on. I kept on reading to the end. Whatever you want from a book you can find in the Nights — from dreams and fantasies, to sex, to big-bestseller intrigues, to crude humour and not-so-crude, simple stories and not-so-simple. If you think you know the stories already, you are in for a big surprise. If you need enlightenment on the fourteenth-century Arab mind, or on the best way to ravish maidens: it's all here. And it's wonderful. Kings and princes and towers, battles and djinni and houris, fables and histories and legends: the whole adding up to more than the sum of its parts. I unreservedly recommend it.



Now onto a hastier than usual round-up of some of the rest of the books this month.

Anyone who reads *The Guardian* will have discovered the delights of Garry Trudeau's Doonesbury comic strip. Now two more collected works are available: ***That's Doctor Sinatra, You Little Bimbo,*** and ***Check Your Egos at The Door.*** *(Abacus, both £2.95.)* Both fairly funny — the latter supports (and sends up) USA for Africa famine relief.



BOOKS

There aren't enough good short story writers in the world. M.J. Fitzgerald's ***Ropedancer*** *(Picador, £2.95)* is an offbeat collection of fourteen stories. Some of them are remarkable, some aren't.

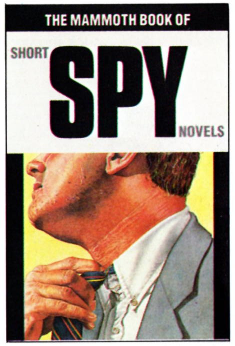
ROPEDANCER
SHORT STORIES BY
M.J. FITZGERALD
PICADOR

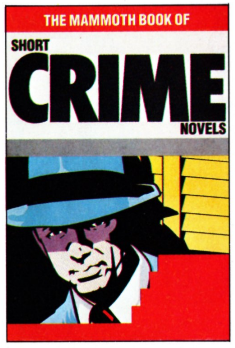
However 'Creases', about a man who puts his lover into a cardboard box, and 'Landscape with Walls', about a woman who builds walls (mentally) during sex, are excellent, as is the remarkable TV 'Bachelor Life'.

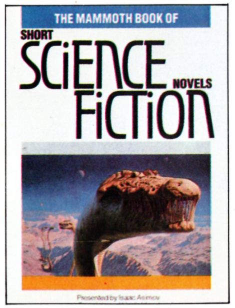
The subject of sex education is a tricky one. Sex is, at best, a potentially explosive subject. Who is teaching what to whom? The House of Lords recently ruled that Sex Education should teach morals as well. Doesn't it? Where does biology end and morality start? In ***The Ostrich Position*** *(Unwin Paperbacks, £2.95)* author Carol Lee argues her case with humour and intelligence. One cannot bury one's head in the sand and hope that the problem will go away. The book is a marvellous polemic. If you have children, or care about education (or sex), then you *must* read this.

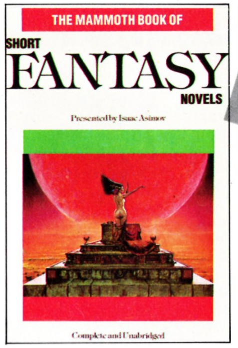
P.G. Wodehouse at his best was deeply funny; at his worst he was amusing. ***The Adventures of Sally*** *(Penguin, £2.50)* are middle ground. Some fairly amusing sentences, and some nice plot twists. It's new in paperback.

Value for money are the ***Mammoth Book . . .*** collections *(Robinson, £4.95 each)*: ***Short Spy Novels, Short Crime Novels, Short SF Novels*** and ***Short Fantasy Novels.*** Each gives you about thirteen short genre novels from most of the big name authors for hours of fun reading.









Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand is the pretentious title of Samuel R. Delany's latest SF novel: it's a brilliant and challenging book by one of the top writers in the field, and likely to play serious havoc with your preconceptions. Sexual roles, alien societies and future shock all in equal parts mixed by a master.

Who Really Killed Cock Robin by Norman Iles *(Hale, £10.95)* is a tremendous idea but a revolting book. Iles attempts to reconstruct the original texts of nursery rhymes and carols, making them into pagan hymns to the joys of sex. An irritating and charmless book. It deserves a longer hatchet-job than I can give it here: suffice it to say that the author's attempts at poetry show him to be no poet, his singularly graceless and unremittingly jolly prose is as much fun to read as a WI circular, and he does for paganism what the Spanish Inquisition did for Christian brotherhood.

Iain Banks wrote ***The Wasp Factory,*** a compulsive novel about growing up and nastiness and death, and ***Walking on Glass,*** a not-quite-successful attempt to write three books at once. Now with ***The Bridge*** *(Macmillian, £8.95)* he gets it all together with a novel that pulls together shades of Kafka, Conan and Borges into a novel about a man and a bridge. It's a gripping exploration of dreams and memory. Very, very good.

That's all we've room for this month. Next month we'll spend longer looking at more. Buy ***The Thousand Nights and One Night,*** and don't take any shit from anyone . . .

W.C. Gull

FILMS

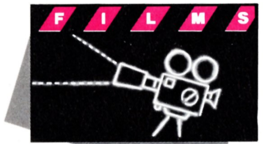
I have a high-minded friend who thinks human beings are basically rational. Every fit of crazy behaviour makes him ill for a week. Now me, I reckon human beings are basically crazy. Any bit of reasonable behaviour makes my day.

What inspired that little burst of home-spun philosophy? This month's movies. Especially ***Fool for Love***. A modern-day cowboy hitches up at a Texas motel, stretches out on the vibrating bed, and sets about courting his old-time lady-love again. He attracts her attention by lassoing her garbage-cans, hitching them to his saddle, and dragging them round and round her courtyard. When that palls, he lassoes the diner jukebox. He can't even fall off the vibrating bed without his spurs gouging a great hole in the wall. She's the type who thinks that the way to a man's heart is by sucking his cock.

Her father, who sits out by the heap of junked cars, playing his harmonica to the sunset is married to Barbara Mandrell, in his mind. Every now and again a wealthy beauty drives up, sprays the place with bullets, and drives away again without a word.

Sam Shepard, who plays the mean, lean hoss-wrangler, also wrote the play. Robert Altman directed the film. Both men

FILMS



have done great things. Here they push each other hilariously OTT (Over The Top). And even ROTT (Right Over The Top). Never a dull moment, I'll admit, but all the characters are too loopy to get concerned about.

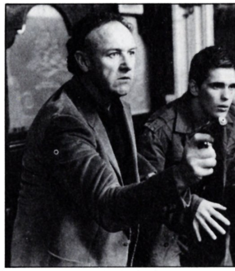
Strange sunbelt behaviour also inspires ***Desert Hearts***. It's set on a Nevada ranch where ladies briefly sojourn to qualify for a quickie divorce. They do all the things women do in sensitive movies. They swop True Confessions. They whine and whinge about what unfair nerds and beasts men are.

They analyse their feelings into the ground: "I allowed myself to get attracted to his attraction to me." They show what fun women can have without men: "Let's you and me make a cream and raisin pie!" Reply: "I'm too depressed." They plan that great American dream, Starting Over: "I want to be free of who I've been."

The prim Professor from New York has a Lesbian dalliance with the local tomboy. Between them they straighten out every anti-Lesbian prejudice in sight. Stout chaps, these girls. At least they don't wear spurs in bed. And never mind the story. All the ladies, especially Patricia Charbonneau, look great in the delicate desert tints, pinks, purples, mauves. Their every posture is a perfect prick-tease. See it and crave.

Target is a rousing spy-thriller. Gene Hackman plays dear old dad, an amiable square in a green cord jacket with brown elbow patches. But when Mom goes missing on her Paris holiday, he swings into action. Leading his admiring son through the espionage underworld, where every double-cross conceals a triple-cross and "Gimme a virgin!" means "Has this office got a phone-line that it hasn't put its own bugs on?"

Many nasty murders later, the pop-and-son team get to Mom. And, oh boy, is she in trouble. As Bondage goes, it's beyond the ultimate. She's bound and gagged and she's covered in bombs armed with hairtrigger tremblers, tumblers and detonators.



Now, if I were the film's devious villain, wiring the lovely lady (Gayle Hunnicutt) with booby-traps, I guess I might let the odd one or two hang out, just to inflict the maximum mental strain on this nice American family, before blowing them all to kingdom come. But ask yourself: just where would you tuck the last one, to keep it completely out of sight? *(What was that about mental strain? — Ed.)* Well, even if this thriller isn't plausible right down to the last detail, it's fast and twisty stuff.

Eddie Hartley

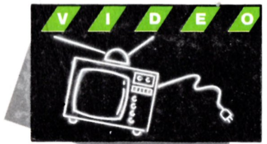
Betty Blue: 37.2 in the Morning is two hours of pure French. The opening scene shows a naked couple locked in the steamy throes of sex. Since this is a French film, we get quite a bit more sex, nudity, passion and so forth along the way, all of it subtitled. What we also get is the story of Betty Blue (played by the delicious Beatrice Dalle, in her first film role), and Zorg, a writer who has dropped out of life, and is dragged back into it by the gorgeous Betty.

The trouble is that everyone is terminally French. One finds it almost impossible to understand why anything happens. The motivation of the characters is French. In Betty's case this mainly consists of throwing enormous tantrums and breaking up rooms; and in Zorg's consists of being really nice and not noticing that Betty has got so French she's cracked up completely, at which point he does the only French thing to do, and dresses up in drag in order to kill Betty with a pillow! The marvellous scenery is French. The camerawork is exquisitely French. Ms Dalle, they say, is going to be the next Bardot. The director is Jean-Jaques Beinoix ***(Diva, The Moon in the Gutter)*** and you can tell that *he's* French.

It's an entertaining film. Pretentious in places, but it has a friendly, gallic sense of humour, great acting, and nice storytelling. Even if, as I say, the story only makes sense if one realises that everyone is — *(French? — Ed.)* — Why, yes? How did you know? *(Just a lucky guess. — Ed).*

Neil Gaiman

VIDEO



I have to confess that I'm not a great fan of adult comedies, largely on the grounds that the jokes are far too obvious to be funny — relying heavily, for example, on the characters having names like Huge G. Rection or the near mandatory Chinaman called Won Hung Lo. Anything but sophisticated 'adult' humour in fact.

So it surprises me a good deal to say that I had a barrel of laughs (a couple of barrels, in fact) at a new release in which the lead character is called Betty Big Ones, with a dietician by the name of Buzz Raunchy and a psychiatrist trading under the unlikely monicker of Lucifer Chaser from suite 666, Libido Professional building — "The one shaped like a penis over on Envy Street."

One reason is that the star is none other than the superbly effervescent Kitten Natividad, a woman who can utter the most ludicrous lines with such outrageous cheek that you don't care. Kitten, for those who don't know, is (or was — I don't keep track) the infinitely better half of director Russ Meyer, which should give you an instant clue to the fact that on an otherwise quite svelte form she carts round a set of 40-odd inch double-D tits that must be seen to be believed.

And I suppose the other reason is that, unlike most *Porky's/Screwballs* type films which try to propose a serious plot and then flounder in its inadequacy, ***Takin' it Off*** *(Impact)* never really imagines it is anything other than a vehicle for Ms Natividad and several other variety strip acts and uses a consciously daft script to weld the cameos together.

Betty Big Ones is a performer in a most endearing strip joint who has a chance to break into television if only, according to her agent, she can get her tit size down from "humongous to just huge." And that means losing three inches, hence the trip to the quack dietician. "You want me to go the Dubious Diet Clinic?" asks Betty. "That's Du Bois," replies the agent.

Betty tries a fruit and veg diet, which means screwing the local grocer in a bed of greens — and when I say she nibbles his radishes and sucks his banana you are meant to take this literally!

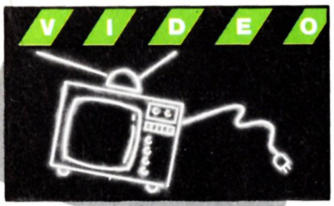
And in the popcorn diet, for popping some kernels between her legs, read: popping a Colonel between her legs. Corn indeed. Add an acupuncturist who uses something bigger than a needle, a strange health farm and the aforementioned shrink whose hypnotic session leaves Betty forever psyched into stripping when the number one record ***Takin' it Off*** is played and you have some idea of the complications.

Amongst the other stripping acts, the ventriloquist who is disrobed by her arm-puppet, Nookie Monster, and the stripping Charlie Chaplin are particularly notable. There's quite a decent scantily-clad dance trio. It's all good fun, and one prays *Odyssey Video's* new *Impact* label can deliver more in a similar vein. Not to be missed, especially by big tit fans. Bonus points if you can spot the ***Chariots of Fire*** pisstake.

There are two new releases out from *Harmony*, both of which seem to have been edited down from hardcore originals, but only one of which can honestly be said to come up to scratch.

Kay Parker and Darby Lloyd Rains star in **Chorus Call** (although the name Richard Bolla will be more recognisable to some), which follows the progress, from casting to opening, of a new broadway show where all of the cast and crew seem to spend most of their spare time fucking and sucking one-another.

The star of the show is in receipt of the dick of the backer. The producer and the star's agent are humping like dromedaries. One of the business assistants seems to get blow-jobs left, right and centre. The choreographer refuses to work with one of the dancers (both are female) possibly on the grounds that both fancy the director — but then we see the two women having it away in flashback, so perhaps it runs deeper — which doesn't stop the dancer and the director getting in a poke at her apartment. And the choreographer pulls off a Sapphic session with the star in



which they were eventually joined by . . . but, by this time your reviewer was losing track.

Chorus Call has a more passable plot and better (although not great) acting than most ex-hard core, and it's about as smutty as anything we're likely to see in the wake of the despised Video Recordings Act, so if you spot it on the shelves of your local library *do* take it out for the night.

I'm afraid, though, that I find it more difficult to similarly recommend ***Hot Lunch*** *(Harmony)* despite it starring Desiree Costeau and Jerry Heath. It's a one-time Essex production cut back heavily from the hard core and running for one hour.

The story, briefly, is of a rather unimposing young man working nights in a diner whose wife finds him boring and quits him for some hairies who can disco-dance and play guitar (well, it is a pretty old title). Our not very heroic hero needs more money and takes up a job as an encyclopaedia salesman, at which he is a remarkable success. His female clients, boss and workmates find him irresistible, which is difficult to fathom until you realise (and of course you never get to see it) that he is supposed to be wandering round with a whopper in his Y-fronts.

The film has its moments, and maybe I wasn't quite in the mood for it, but the editing did strike me as too obtrusive and the quality of acting and direction too stilted to retain my attention. By all means rent it for an evening if the urge takes you, but, if you don't like it any more than I did, don't pretend I recommended it to you.

Just room for a couple of 'straight' commendations. Anyone who's seen ***Witness*** *(CIC, and shame on you if you haven't)* should need no introduction from me to the charms of gorgeous Kelly McGullis, who is one of the stars of ***Private Sessions*** *(Cannon,* as Screen Entertainments has become). Don't do what I did and get all excited at hearing the brief synopsis that McGillis plays a nymphomaniac in this feature, because it is a made for television number and therefore not at all smutty.

But if you like an entertaining drama, do give ***Private Sessions*** a watch. It's much better than the vast majority of American TV material, and you'll spot a few familiar faces. Mike Farrel stars (he's B.J. from ***Mash***) as a likeable psychiatrist, recently divorced, whose cute daughter is trying to find him a girlfriend. McGillis is a patient who can't stop herself propositioning complete strangers at every possible opportunity, with much of the responsibility lying with her father (Robert Vaughan of ***Man From UNCLE, Magnificent Seven*** et al). Another patient is Tom Bosley — the father in ***Happy Days*** — who hears voices while driving his cab.

Doesn't sound brilliant, I suppose, but I can honestly say that this is a good 90-minute diversion which I found eminently watchable. And McGillis *is* quite delectable.

Also out from *Cannon* is ***Volunteers*** which teams up comedy stars Tom Hanks and John Candy for the first time since *Splash*. Hanks plays a suave college playboy who needs to flee gambling debts in a real hurry or face fatal consequences. He takes his roommate's place on a Peace Corps plane to Thailand and gets lumbered with Candy and Rita Wilson — a pair of genuine do-gooders — as the team sent to build a bridge in a village that doesn't really want it.

The people who do want to see a bridge built, however, are the CIA, the Chinese People's Army and the local heroin big-shot. This, of course, all spells a lot of trouble. ***Volunteers*** never quite comes off as well as you would hope, but it is more than occasionally funny and certainly worth the effort of a viewing.

Martyn Lester

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Wynnesome

The erotic possibilities of the wild west isn't one of the things I normally think about. But Wynne (Vol. 18 No. 6) has changed all that. The tassles on her skirt are too much.

I've brought my wife some cowgirl gear, and it has greatly improved our sex life. Taking her from behind when she's wearing only boots, a stetson and a wide leather belt is far out. The belt is superb for hanging onto as I ride my horny cowgirl to orgasm after orgasm — the shot on page 94 should give you a good idea of what I mean. I only wish Wynne could come and make up a threesome, I sure would like to join her posse! — *Albert, Rochdale.*

Candice Camera

Candice, the girl with the shiny pink outfit (Vol. 18 No. 6), is one photogenic lady. The trouble is that I start looking at her in terms of the artistry of her poses and end up just wanting to screw the arse off her . . . — *E.H., Hull.*

So what's the problem? — Ed.

Birthday Banquet

It was my wife's birthday and as usual I booked a table at our favourite restaurant. But this time I arranged a little something extra for us.

My wife went to work as usual at half past ten. So I began to get our treat ready. First it was off to the video shop to get a good blue movie for later on in the evening. Then I went back home to move the bed downstairs in front of the telly, and search out the back editions of Knave.

The rest of the day was taken up with a long relaxing soak in the bath. About an hour before I was due to go and pick my wife up, I spread the magazines over the bed and then did the same with the vibrators. I laid out a bottle of wine and got the wine glasses ready.

Down at the car, I put this month's Knave in the glove compartment, and then drove to collect my wife. She had changed at work and looked really beautiful. First port of call was the local pub for a couple of drinks, then on to the restaurant.

The food and wine were superb. After the meal we retired to the bar for more drinks, and soon found ourselves well and truly pissed. So pissed, in fact, that we decided to take a cab home rather than drive the car. Before the taxi arrived, I made sure that I didn't forget to retrieve the latest Knave.

We piled into the back seat and my wife started reading the mag, while I spoke to the driver. After about five minutes she started fishing around my flies. She got my old-man out and was busy frigging herself. How I managed not to come all over the taxi I'll never know — I knew that we were in for a good session when we got home.

The taxi driver dropped us off, I gave him a good tip. He gave me a wink and told us to have a nice night.

We fairly ran up the path, and no sooner were we inside than we were kissing and fondling one another. I manoeuvred my wife into the lounge where I had everything set up.

To our astonishment the T.V. was on, lying on the bed was my wife's sister (I had clean forgotten that she was coming to spend the night). She was starkers, the blue movie was playing, an eight inch vibrator was up her cunt and she had a glass of wine in her hand. Both me and my wife undressed and climbed into bed, one either side of her sister. She was as drunk as we were. I took the vibrator out of her juicy, wet fanny and passed it over to my wife who soon found some use for it. Then I mounted my sister-in-law.

By this time my prick was steaming. My sister-in-law was bucking under me yelling for

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Penpower

more. As you can imagine this fuck didn't take very long.

When I'd finished with her, my wife was just about ready. But there wasn't much I could do about it except go down and give her a good sucking. As I nibbled at her wonderfully wet fanny, my sister-in-law began to play with my balls — this soon got me hard again.

I don't know who was making the most noise by now. I climbed on board my wife and started screwing her. When I felt my cock begin to twitch, I withdrew and came all over her tits. To her delight I licked my own cream off her breasts.

Much as I would have liked to carry on with the rut, and even though both girls tried to blow some life into my dong, two orgasms and the booze proved too much for me, I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke next morning, I was conscious of a great hard on. My sister-in-law was sitting on my erect prick and swirling her hips. What a fantastic way to be woken up! I stroked her nipples as she ground away. We both climaxed together, then she dismounted and sucked me dry. After that she got dressed and left with a big smile on her face.

My wife and I looked at each other, shrugged and started to have a nice long, slow screw.

We often see her sister, but she's never ever said a word about that particular night — strange, isn't it! (*It certainly is — Ed.*)

This is a true story without a word of a lie. — *B.T., Barnsley.*

Coaching Session

I suppose everyone knows and dreams about joining the mile high club. Well, I haven't managed to join yet but I live in hope. One day I might be able to afford an air-ticket! However, I think that I might have found a more affordable, albeit less glamorous version: the motorway coach club.

In my job, with a computer software comany, I regularly travel all over the country, attending conferences and the like. Usually, I travel by car, but just before the latest conference, some jerk reversed into my Granada — completely fucking up my rear-axle. I phoned the railway information office and found that they were so busy playing with their junction boxes that if I wanted to travel from Windsor to Carlisle in less than a fortnight I'd be better off walking! I didn't have a fortnight, so I had to book on the coach. I wasn't looking forward to the long and tedious journey.

Someone told me that coaches were pretty civilized these days, I even heard tales of in-journey video and on-board toilets. When I boarded my coach, it took me about half a second to see that this coach-line had never heard of civilization, let alone bogs and videos! 'Lived-in' is probably the kindest description that anyone could come up with.

> ***"It took me about half a second to realize that this coach-line had never heard of civilisation."***

I moved up to the back-seat, I didn't fancy sitting too close to the driver, he looked like a Hell's Angel in a particularly foul mood. No other passengers got on the bus and at length we pulled out of the station and began the long northern journey.

It wasn't until we got to Swindon that anyone else joined the bus. Three girls struggled on and sat about half-way down the length of the coach. They were pretty attractive, around twenty five to twenty eight years old. One was blonde, she wore an embroidered loose maxi-skirt and a baggy jumper. The other two were both brunettes wearing the same style of clothes. They seemed to have a lot to say, although I was only vaguely aware of them as I dozed my way up the M5.

I suppose I must have fallen asleep, because all of a sudden I was aware that the girls' voices were much nearer than they had been. The two brunettes were sitting in the double seat in front of me, the blonde sat in the seat opposite them on the other side of the aisle. I pretended not to notice, in fact I pretended to be asleep — my eyes were closed but my ears were very much open.

They were talking about sex and they were talking about me!

"Go on, rub him up . . . " there was subdued giggling.

"I bet you daren't."

"I bet I dare."

The springs in the seat beside me creaked as someone sat down next to me. I concentrated on giving the impression of being fast asleep. I was intrigued to know what would happen next.

Tony Husband

"You're a shameless wanton hussy. Prison's too good for you. I, therefore, sentence you to six months . . . at my place."

A hand rested on my thigh and began moving up and down. The strokes got closer and closer to my cock which was uncoiling like an oversize clock-spring. And then the hand was rubbing the bulge in my trousers. I murmured, but the rubbing carried on.

A second hand joined the first, stroking my balls through the material of my trousers. The other hand worked its way up to the end of my knob. I felt my belt being loosened and my flies being tugged down. Cool fingers slid, with difficulty, inside my underpants and fondled my foreskin. Drops of lubricant were already forming and I couldn't keep up the sleep pretence anymore.

> ***"A second hand joined the first, stroking my balls through the material of my trousers."***

I opened my eyes and saw the two brunettes looking at me over the back of the seat in front. They were grinning wildly. The blonde at my side blushed slightly. I didn't know what to say.

"Pull his trousers down, it'll give you more room for manoeuvre," said one of the brunettes.

The blonde tried to pull my pants down, but it wasn't an easy task. I arched my buttocks up off the seat to help her and in a second my trousers and underpants were around my ankles. The feeling of her hands on my prick and balls was wonderful now that they were free. She began to wank me, pulling my foreskin back over my glans.

"Blow job time," encouraged the brunette. The blonde girl smiled and leaned over my crotch, taking my length into her warm mouth. Her tongue lapped gently at the head of my penis, her teeth rasped lightly along my shaft. Then she took a firmer grip and moved her head up and down rhythmically, all the time fondling my balls.

It didn't take long for my balls to start twitching. As my

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A RIGHT PRICK

Sir Edmund Spenser had one thing in mind when he talked about a gentle knight pricking across the plain. But the word prick has an altogether different effect on the somewhat coarser mind of DR ALPHONSE FORLETTA. Yes, it's more filthy word play, as our earthy etymologist contemplates his middle-leg.

Photographic illustration by Andy Morgan

My delight in researching words is matched only by the pleasure I receive out in the field, as it were. Or in the bedroom if it's raining. So imagine my excitement one hot afternoon in meadows near the Italian town of Pisa, where I was happy to make the acquaintance of one Bella Bacchi. As Florio once described a Bacchi: *''Certain blazing stars all shaggie, Compassed with a long main or hairy fringe.''*

Bella certainly lived up to the build up and it wasn't long before my own appendage resembled that of the Leaning Tower we could both see on the horizon. It was at the point that Bella, herself no mean student of etymology, quoted Florio herself. Grabbing my Member for Cockshire she called it 'San Cresci-in-Mano' — because it grows in one's hand.

The point I wish to raise here, as I did in that field, is that you should never be stuck for words to describe your best leg of three. Since 1592, when the use of the word prick was first recorded in England to describe the old crack-hunter, we have been developing ever more graphic terms.

Dr P. Niss, the noted English wordsmith who hails from Penistone, Yorkshire, is particularly fond of the names his drumstick has been given in the course of tutorials with young female students at the University of Lambretta (which God preserve).

''Forletta!'' he once asked, ''Which name suits my bush-beater best?'' He then handed over a list, which read:

''Aaron's Rod, Adam's Arsenal, Bluebeard, Captain Standish, Jack-in-the-box, Jack Robinson, John Thomas (who I referred to in my last lecture), Julius Caesar, little Davy, Master John Goodfellow, Master Reynard, Nebuchadnezzar (we dismissed this one as 'too much of a mouthful', which oddly enough, although I don't like to boast, is exactly what Bella complained to me in that field near Pisa), Old Adam, Old Slimy, Old Rowley, Polyphemus (he was that one-eyed giant the Greeks used to toy with), Quarter Master, Robin, Saint Peter (after all, he does hold the key to Paradise), Sir Martin Wagstaff or Timothy Tool.''

I told him he'd missed out one name which I'd heard an English girl use with a pilot who refused to take precautions. ''Roger and out,'' she kept yelling.

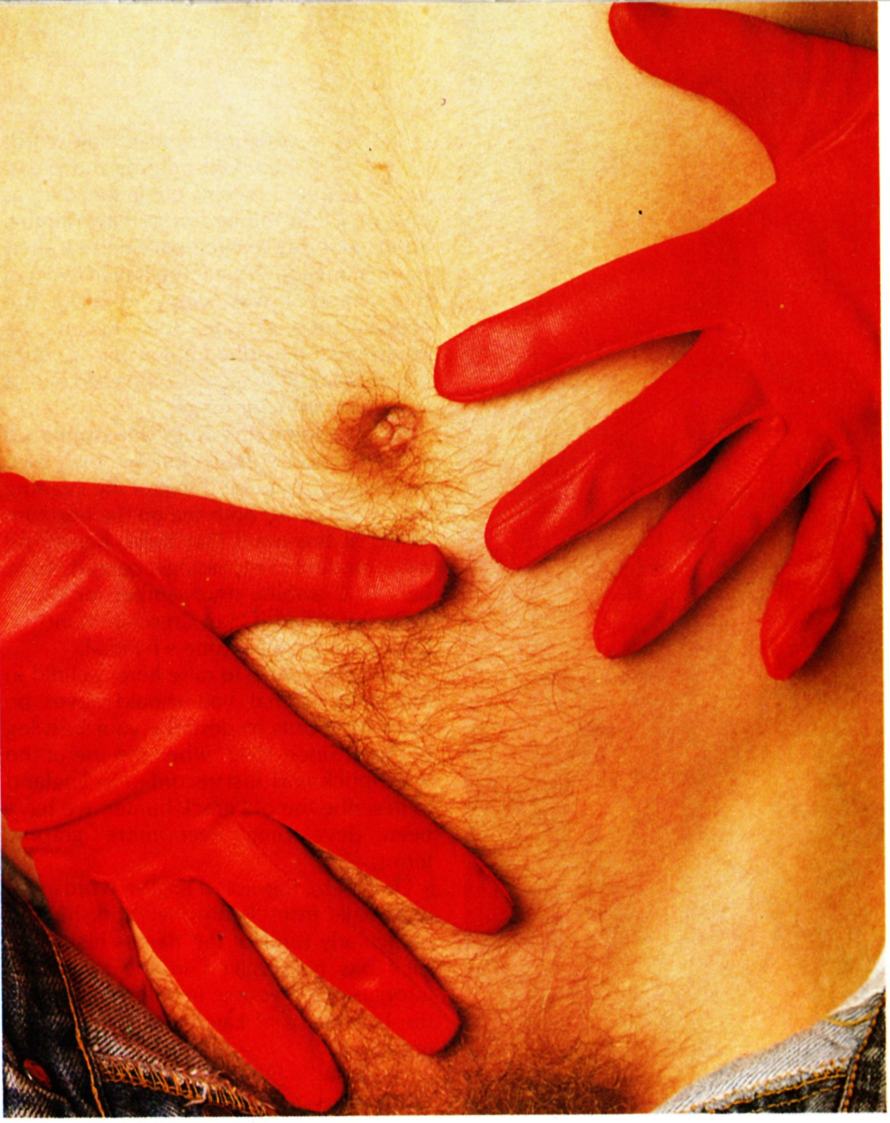
It was at this point in the learned discussion that our American colleague Dr Bud Wiser entered with the Dutch Professor Dick van Dick.

''Names for your Nimrod?'' demanded Wiser. ''What's wrong with girlometer?''

''Nine inch-knocker?'' Dick van Dick suggested. ''Unless of course you're as well hung as a chap I knew in Belgium:

He was a young man from Ghent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of coming . . . he went.''

''What's wrong with the good old-fashioned word prick,'' I wanted to know. ''As John Aubrey wrote in 1681 of Mr



A RIGHT PRICK

Continued from previous page

Selden, he got more by his prick than by his practice. We don't want to blind the ladies with long words."

"Nor let us forget," added Dick van Dick, "the excellent advice offered to women in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter Nine verse Five, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Especially as the next commandment from above was "Arise!"

Not to be outdone, Bud Wiser quoth from Beggar's Benison, "May your prick and your purse never fail you! An impotent man may be said to have no money in his purse." At which point he asked if anyone could lend him £50 so he could visit a friend in the sauna business for a session of prick-scouring.

I argued that women preferred to consider the prick as an instrument of their own desire rather than a weapon to be used against them. Hence for the best results I contend that we should avoid terms like baby-maker, battering piece, bludgeon, bush-whacker, gut-stick, hair-splitter, meat skewer, pistol, quim-stake or wedge.

"In my experience," Dick van Dick interjected, "the word Yum-Yum goes down well and therefore gets up better. I had an Irish gal once who called my dingus a jiggling-bone."

"Not Dublin Dora?" said Bud, his ears pricking up. "Blonde on top and brunette in the Low Countries? She called mine a Langolee, but then when she realised I was American she changed it to sky-scraper."

What a load of cock, I thought, which funnily enough was another expression the beautiful Bella used in that field outside Pisa.

Dr Shmock, a fatalistic Jewish etymologist who has been known to call his own a schnickel, once said wisely, "Life is not like a prick. It's always hard."

To illustrate his point he told us how it is the custom of Jews landing in Israel to kiss the tarmac at the airport. Often immigrants would arrive in groups, and often these groups were given letters of the hebrew alphabet.

Now it just happens that the letter 'Zayin' is very like the Hebrew word for prick, and so it was that when the first immigrant from Group Zayin, a chap from England who knew no better, emerged from his plane he kissed the ground and in front of a large waiting crowd announced, "I am the first prick in Israel." No one argued.

Of course in every language the word prick is used as a term of abuse (although in my experience a prick is subject to far more self-abuse than anything else).

Perhaps the best illustration of this dual usage is the story of my old fellow student John Thomas. Back in the town of Lambretta, John was so anxious to gain the respect of his fellow students that he took to riding around town on a donkey. And boy, did everyone stare.

Then one day he woke up to find his donkey gone. In a terrible state he ran to the constable.

"What colour was it? What height? Any distinguishing features?" All these questions he could answer with no problem, until the cop asked him, "What sex was the animal?"

For a moment John Thomas's mind went blank, until suddenly he blurted out. "Male! The animal was a male!"

"Are you sure?" asked the constable.

"Of course I'm sure," said J.T. "I remember distinctly riding along one day and hearing some guy in the street call out, 'Hey! Look at the prick on that donkey!' "

A similar example of the double entendre is an old but wise proverb used circa 1846 by English country bumpkins to forecast the weather: *If the cock goes crowing to bed, He's sure to rise with a watery head.*

Then there's Thomas Fuller's assertion in 1732 that "Every cock is proud on his own dunghill" which suggests that personal hygiene was not a priority in those days.

A student from Cockermouth in Cumbria recently asked me, "How does the word prick as a term of abuse differ from the word cunt?"

A delicate matter, this. Do we intend more vitriol when we call a woman a prick as readily as we call a man a cunt? And why should we attach such beastliness to two of our favourite parts of the human anatomy?

Unfortunately, I had not time to fully answer this particularly important question as I was about to point my pecker, pecnoster, pee-wee, pego, pendulum, peter or pisser, whichever you fancy — and if you don't then there's always Bella — at the porcelain.

I did however tell the young student this. "You can call a penis a mowdiwart, as the Scots used to, or a jockam, as was your English forefathers' custom. Call it a bauble, gear, pillicock or pike, as Shakespeare did, or a bodkin, busk, butcher, bayonet, bean-tosser, beard-splitter, bedfellow or bald-headed hermit.

"But a prick is a prick and can never be a cunt, despite advances in modern surgery. A cunt is a knave rather than a fool, whereas a prick is a fool rather than a knave."

At which point I remembered my next lecture for Knave and decided to look up cunt in the university library, but unfortunately it was her day off. ■

Sasha

Sasha just can't get enough of us, or so it seems — remember Vol. 18 No. 5? We can't get enough of her either. At least, I can't. My wife's threatening me with divorce if I don't stop lusting after Sasha, but you're not interested in that, are you? Me neither.

Just look at those inviting curves, those sensual stockings, the cheeky grin, those tantalising orbs, the riveting loins that beckon . . . Oh God, I'm in love again. I feel a divorce coming on.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K. JONES

THE ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS GUIDE TO Oral SEX

Aussie etiquette? Well, perhaps not, but, DR SIDNEY BLUE is your man if you want to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing like the bloody truth about oral sex. No wowser, this guy, he knows where his woollybut is. Exiled from the antipodes, it looks as though we're stuck with him here at Knave.

Hi, cobbers and cobbesses! My name's Doc Sidney Blue and I'm Australia's foremost expert on all things of a sexual nature and I'm here today to put you Poms and other deprived nationalities straight on the matter of oral sex.

Now it's nothing to be ashamed of but I know a lot of you out there, especially you younger ones who are just beginning to dip your toes, and other organs, in the sexual pool, metaphorically speaking, are a bit leery of oral sex. It's quite understandable, so don't worry. After all, you grow up with your mums constantly telling you not to put strange things in your mouth and then suddenly you're supposed to get stuck into some of the strangest things you've ever seen! This can lead to some upsetting scenes with either your boyfriend or your little lady and can even jeopardise the entire relationship . . .

But relax. Uncle Sid is here and willing to share with you his vast store (well, more like a supermarket) of knowledge on the subject; a store he has accumulated over many years of intense sexual activity spread over many continents and international time zones. I have prepared a little Beginner's Guide just for your benefit which, I'm sure, will get you over the initial hump, so to speak . . .

This first part is for the fillies (but you blokes can sneak a look too, as I know you will, eh?).

STEP ONE — What Exactly is Fellatio? Well, girls, the term is derived from two Latin words — *fella*, which means *blow*; and *tio* which means *job*. Thus we have the origin of the modern term 'blow-job'. But a word of warning, you fillies, *don't* take this literally. Trying to blow down your partner's love pole is not only hard work but can be rather painful for him, as I know from past experience, and may even lead to paralysis and brain death.

No, a good blow-job involves taking the member concerned in your mouth and giving it a good suck while moving your head up and down in a rhythmical fashion. How you use your tongue and lips is very important but even more important is to remember to be *bloody* careful with your teeth! Unless your young colt has a kinky liking for excruciating pain keep your teeth well out of the action! I again speak from past experience. I knew this girl called Valma who had a nervous reflex which made her grind her teeth at times of stress or excitement. The scars I still bear have featured in many a popular medical text book.

STEP TWO — Doing It for the First Time. Lassies, it's very important to overcome any initial distaste you may feel about performing the above service. One way is to practise on objects that are similar in proportion to your partner's prodder. What you do is this — get him aroused to his biggest dimensions, then whip out a tape measure and take down his vital statistics. Later, when you have the opportunity, find a household object that matches those measurements. Carrots are usually a good bet, but you may have to do some carving with a knife to get an exact match (on the carrot, that is).

If the nearest thing you can find to fit those measurements is a cucumber then you've got problems (though look on the bright side). Then again, if the nearest thing is a transistor radio battery you've got an even bigger problem, but I guess you know that by now, eh?

Right, when you've got your object of the right size, practise on it whenever you can. During your coffee break at work, for example, or when you're on the tube or bus. While doing so close your eyes and imagine you're sucking on your lad's old fellow. When you can manage it without gagging or getting the dry heaves you're ready for the Real Thing . . .

STEP THREE — Etiquette. Now, when your bloke makes it clear to you for the first time that it would really make his day, if not his entire year, if you'd treat his donger as your favourite iced-lolly-on-a-stick, it's not considered good sexual manners to make a face and go "Urrarrrghhh!" This can be quite hurtful for him, as can leaping out of bed and running screaming from the room. I know from experience and I was pretty pissed off, I can tell you. Admittedly the sheila concerned was a bit strange. She was a Pom, come to think of it, and later became an announcer at a radio station . . .

No, the correct approach is to act very grateful and to make lots of appreciative sounds while you're on the job. If you're still troubled by residual feelings of distaste and/or revulsion, simply shut your eyes and pretend you're still practising on your carved carrot, cucumber, transistor battery or whatever. In fact, with your eyes closed, you may not even be able to tell the difference. Well, with one important exception, that is, but we'll come to that — literally — later on . . .

Now it's the lads' turn to receive the benefit of Uncle Sid's wisdom — but before we get down to brass tacks I want to have a few words about the above which I know you've had a peep at (I could hear your heavy breathing). Lads, you might have got the impression that the sheilas aren't too keen on getting their lips around your one-eyed trouser pythons. Well, calm down. With a few exceptions — and they're probably lesbians or militant feminists — your average filly quickly develops a taste for giving head and, in fact, quite a number get as much pleasure giving it as you do getting it.

An example from my own past experience springs to mind. Her name was Susan and she had her face locked on my crotch so often that the only way I could ever recognise her when I met her in the street was by looking at the back of her head.

She was really something. She'd do it anywhere — in the back of taxis, in cinemas, restaurants . . . once she even did it when we were having dinner with my old ones (my mum began to twig what was going on when it took Sue over ten minutes to locate the fork she'd dropped under the table, plus me pounding my face into my plate of spaghetti when I came didn't help either).

But, lads, strike me if you can't have too much of a good thing, believe it or not. The wear and tear on my donger reached the stage where I had to spend a couple of hours each night soaking it in a bowl full of warm water and Radox. So, sadly, I had to say goodbye to Sue and those incredible lips of hers (but the story has a happy ending — she later became a saxophonist with a jazz band).

But, as I said, there *are* exceptions.

THE ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS GUIDE TO Oral SEX

Continued from previous page

Mine was called Pat. Lovely girl with a body like a ripe mango. But despite all my efforts she refused to get stuck into my pride and joy. "It's my little hang-up," she kept telling me. I kept telling her it was giving me a *big* hang-up and that she should just try it the once because she might find it wasn't as bad an experience as she feared (she wouldn't even practice on a carrot). But no go. She'd have it any other place but never in her mouth. So I tried to catch her by surprise. My plan was to slip my donger in her mouth surreptitiously at a time when she least expected it. Like when she was watching TV, doing the dishes or ironing my shirts, (the latter occasion was a big mistake, let me tell you).

It was all to no avail. She might as well have had tetanus for all the chance I had of getting my prodder past her jaws, (she later became a model who specialised in toothpaste and mouth wash commercials).

And now, lads, let's get down to business . . .

STEP ONE — What is Cunnilingus? Again we have Latin to thank for the origin of the term (those Romans didn't just invent central heating and plumbing, you know). *Cunni* meaning *muff* and *lingus* meaning *diver*, hence the term muff-diver.

Now muff-diving, lads, due to the nature of the female sexual organs, is not as straight-forward as a blow-job, (but, strike a light, *nothing* about women is ever straight-forward, eh lads?) It involves a variety of possible techniques depending on what part of her golden grotto you want to concentrate on. For example, you can either use your tongue to stimulate her clitoris (if you can *find* the ruddy thing; I've always said women should carry diagrams around with all the important bits arrowed in red — it would save a bloke a hell of a lot of farting around) or to penetrate the grotto itself. It might help if you get a few tips from the lady herself as to what she prefers but in my experience it soon becomes pretty evident . . .

STEP TWO — Overcoming Your Reluctance. It's a bit embarrassing to admit this but while most women take to gobbling like ducks to water a lot of the lads let the side down when it comes to reciprocating. Okay, it might be true what an American writer said on the subject — "Cunnilingus is a lot like tending sheep; it's wet, dark and lonely work but somebody has to do it" — but with a bit of effort it can be quite fun.

First of all the newcomer to muff-diving has got to get rid of this hoary old fallacy that the experience is going to be on a par with sticking his nose in a jar of fish paste. I don't know where all that nonsense started (probably the work of some bitchy pillow-biter) but let me tell you this — I've had my face between the legs of more sheilas than you've probably had Chinese take-aways and I've never yet got a whiff of a fisherman's wharf. Maybe there's something wrong with my olfactory system but I doubt it.

"I've always said women should carry diagrams around with all the important bits arrowed in red."

Admittedly my nose and my taste buds have encountered the odd odour or flavour — there was one girl, called Helen, who tasted of Yorkshire Pudding — but never anything fishy. Hold on, I tell a lie. There *was* that Russian translator, Tanya, but she only tasted fishy because she insisted I fill her grotto with caviar and then had me go on a treasure hunt, but I don't think that really counts . . .

STEP THREE — The Perils of Muff-Diving. As you've probably already noticed, most women take a hell of a lot longer to come than the average bloke. As a result a hazard of muff-diving is the notorious 'Muff-Diver's Tongue'. This condition can set in after about 5 to 10 minutes of activity (though the more you practise the longer you can go) and is a kind of awful pain in the muscles of the tongue and jaws accompanied by a numbness at the end of the tongue itself. It's the muff-diver's equivalent of the bends . . . When it hits you it's best to take a brief break. But don't make it too long a break or she'll come off the boil and you'll have to start all over again.

It's also important to breath properly while you're working away down there. A lot of novices get themselves into serious trouble with this one and it can be quite dangerous. A wise precaution is to make sure you maintain a clear access to your nostrils at all times and to pace your breathing accordingly as if you were in a swimming marathon (which, in a sense, you are).

Boredom can be a problem, especially past the fifteen minute point, and there's nothing more likely to piss off a sheila than you nodding off between her thighs, not to mention the above-discussed danger of suffocation. So if you feel old man Sandman tapping you on the shoulder perk yourself up with a couple of mental tricks, like re-running the 1966 World Cup Final (you Poms won that one, didn't you?) in your head or remembering the highlights of your favourite Clint Eastwood movie. You'll be surprised at how quickly the time goes by.

Finally, a word of caution about orgasms. Some fillies can be a bit violent when they come, so take care. I'll never forget an experience I had with a somewhat large sheila by the name of Julie. When she finally came it was like having my head trapped in a collision between two beer barrels. The surgeon said later it was touch and go for a while with my ears but they managed to save both of them.

RIGHT — this section is for boys and girls together so gather round while your Uncle Sid dumps a load of good advice on yers. First, let's touch on the sensitive subject of male orgasms during fellatio. I've lost track of the number of worried young blokes who have approached me at bus stops, pubs and gents toilets and asked: "Uncle Sid, is it considered good manners if I come in my bird's mouth?" And you know, this is a tricky one. It reminds me of that old joke about the two most common lies; one is "The cheque is in the post," and the other is "I promise you I won't come in your mouth." Well, I've found quite a few fillies who kind of like it but there are some who turn puce at the thought. I remember one such — a girl called Alice. She was an absolute stunner and went off between the sheets like a Russian nuclear reactor but she drew the line at letting me come in her mouth. In fact she used to make me wear a condom when she gave me head just to be on the safe side which, as you can imagine, wasn't much fun for me but it was better than nothing . . .

Yeah, I know what you're going to say — there's nothing worse than the taste of condom and you took the words right out of my mouth. That's why Alice used to slap raspberry jam all over it to improve the taste. Things went okay until the night her flatmate, Fran, came home unexpectedly. Fran sees me on by back, Alice going down on me and what appears to be blood and gore all over the place. She thinks Alice has bitten my donger off and has hysterics. Talk about laugh. (Actually Fran is still laughing — at a rather pretty little mental establishment in Buckinghamshire.)

OKAY — now that you beginners have familiarised yourselves with all the above it's time to move onto the Big One. *The Sixty-Niner*. But first some background information: The Sixty-Niner was named after an ancient Roman by the name of Sextus Ninus who invented the position with a British slave girl called Irene one afternoon at his villa on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, (an appropriately named location when you come to think of it).

The technique might have been lost in the mists of history if not for a fortuitous occurence — for just as Ninus and Irene were getting it on, Mount Vesuvius erupted, and before you could say 'I Claudius' they were both buried under a ton of ash. It wasn't until 1923 that the villa was excavated and you can imagine the surprise of the archaeologists when they came upon the perfectly preserved forms of Ninus and his Pommie slave in that very unusual position. Not surprisingly the archaeologists couldn't resist giving it a go themselves and the idea soon spread. Today the Sixty-Niner is practised everywhere in the world except parts of Australia and Bognor Regis.

Right, the question you're all asking is: what the bloody hell *is* the Sixty-Niner position and how do we do it? Well, for a start it's best to adopt a prone position. You *can* do it standing up but believe me it's bloody difficult — and I speak from experience — especially for the one who ends up standing on his or her head.

So, yeah, a bed or floor is the best bet.

"He with his nose in the golden doughnut and she in lip range of his pussy-prod."

As to who goes on the bottom it's up to you. Toss a coin or something. Now if it's the bloke who ends up on the bottom the girl lies on top of him, face to face, and then — and here comes the important bit, cobbers — she *rotates* her body, using her navel as the axis point, until she has moved a full 180 degrees! At this moment she should stop. If all has gone right both partners should find themselves facing something interesting — he with his nose in the golden doughnut and she in lip range of his pussy-prod. If, however, all he can see is the ceiling and she's only got a mouthful of the duvet it means she's moved a few degrees too far or too less.

Now if the bloke is on top he's got to be extra careful when he's rotating into position. I speak from experience. I poked a sheila called Debbie in the eye once with my dong while performing this manoeuvre and she screamed bloody murder. Claimed later I'd detached her retina and sued me over it. Cost me a packet too. So be careful where you stick it, lads.

OKAY, that's about my lot. I've told you everything I know about the mouth organ game so the rest is up to you. Don't be discouraged if things don't go perfectly right off. Just keep practising and you'll get there in the end. And if it'll make you feel better I promise I'll be with you in spirit. Guess the knowledge that old Uncle Sid is watching over you as you get down to it will make all the difference, eh?

Oh, just one last piece of etiquette advice — don't try and talk with your mouth full.

Happy gobbling, cobbers!

A Day in the Life of . . .

Spock

Boldly going where no freeloading interviewer has gone before, EUGENE BYRNE beams back an exclusive tape recording from inside a black hole, somewhere in the vicinity of a popular binary star system, deep in the asteroid belts, ten parsecs to the right of Aldebaran. At least, that's what he's put on his expenses claim.

Illustration by John Higgins

Good morning. My name is Mister Spock, Science Officer of the USS Enterprise, collector of rare Antarean tentacle flutes, lead singer with the Sex Phasers, promulgator of inter-species harmony and holder of the Vulcan boy scout badge in logic, second class. This is my day

I am woken up by the Captain reading his log over the PA at stardate 6.30 a.m. We're supposed to get a lie-in on Sundays but as there's a pre-credits crisis going on we'll be racking up some overtime this month. The Enterprise is stranded in the hole in the middle of a giant space doughnut that needs our dilithium crystals for the sugar frosting. By five to seven, the Captain has confused it with a speech about the essential good nature of humanity, complete with extensive footnotes from the American constitution. It goes away in disgust and I go back to bed.

Get up at 11.30 a.m., dial a breakfast of coffee, croissants and a bowl of Martian slime-warts washed down with a quart of exotic Klingon Panther-Piss. I decide not to bother shaving my eyebrows. I put on

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . . SPOCK

Continued from previous page

the stupid plastic ears that Starfleet forces all its science officers to wear and crawl down to the bridge for another fun-filled exciting day. It's quiet. We're only on yellow alert. Which is just as well because I couldn't handle that stupid siren going whoop-whoop this early in the morning.

It seems we've come across a planet that shouldn't be there, so all the important members of the crew, plus three security officers from the Disposable Dork section, beam down. The ship is left under the sterling command of Lieutenant Tibbles, the ship's cat. Since all the Captain does all day is play with his swivel chair and sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner', the cat makes an ideal substitute.

On the planet's rocky surface, which my highly sensitive instruments tell me is 20 yards square and made of plastic (though I don't tell the Captain this), Kirk realises that he's forgotten to put his ridiculous track-suit bottoms on and goes back to the ship to get them. By the time he returns the three disposable dorks have died mysteriously and bloody McCoy has had the chance to say "He's dead, Jim!" three times.

I'm always offended by the way people call *me* Jim. Of course, my Vulcan first name is unpronounceable, but does anyone ever call me up and say: "Hey, Unpronounceable, how about we cruise the spaceport, have a few Rigellian beers and get laid?" No, it's always: "Mr Spock, why don't you let down your ears for a while?"

The Captain gets back. The planet is inhabited by a vicious man-eating monster, a beautiful girl in glitter make-up and an alien who dresses up in historical costumes left over from some other series. This week, it's the Sheriff of Nottingham, a primitive Earthling who liked to rob the poor to feed the rich — so I understand. The Captain quotes more of the constitution, gets off with the girl and kills the monster while the rest of us sit around looking worried and putting on our toenail polish.

We beam back to the ship, have a little joke and all fall about the place as we are zapped by Klingons.

The little console in the corner that's supposed to shoot out sparks when we're attacked shoots out sparks. (I've been trying to get Starfleet to put in seatbelts for years).

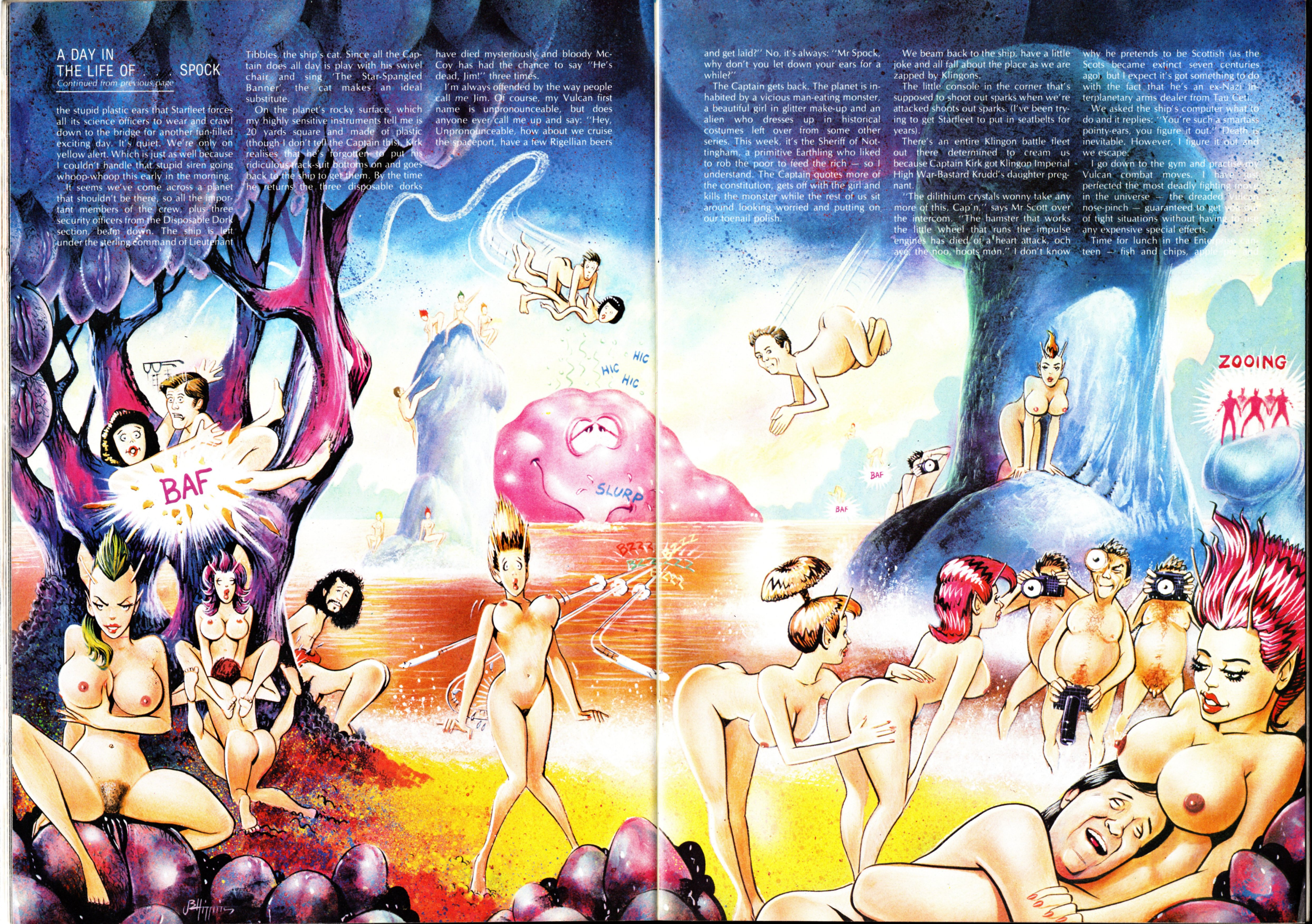
There's an entire Klingon battle fleet out there determined to cream us because Captain Kirk got Klingon Imperial High War-Bastard Krudd's daughter pregnant.

"The dilithium crystals wonny take any more of this, Cap'n," says Mr Scott over the intercom. "The hamster that works the little wheel that runs the impulse engines has died of a heart attack, och aye, the noo, hoots mon." I don't know why he pretends to be Scottish (as the Scots became extinct seven centuries ago), but I expect it's got something to do with the fact that he's an ex-Nazi interplanetary arms dealer from Tau Ceti.

We asked the ship's computer what to do and it replies: "You're such a smartass pointy-ears, you figure it out." Death is inevitable. However, I figure it out and we escape.

I go down to the gym and practise my Vulcan combat moves. I have just perfected the most deadly fighting move in the universe — the dreaded Vulcan nose-pinch — guaranteed to get you out of tight situations without having to use any expensive special effects.

Time for lunch in the Enterprise canteen — fish and chips, apple pie and



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SPOCK

Continued from previous page

custard. And more bloody [illegible] warts. Everybody laughs and tells dirty jokes I don't understand. So I raise one eyebrow and slope off for a sulk.

From 2 to 2.30 p.m. is my Vulcan rutting season, so watch out. Yesterday I impregnated a stand-up ashtray. I have this terrible urge to have sex with anything. The Captain calls by for a friendly game of three-dimensional chess . . .

"The three disposable dorks have died mysteriously and bloody McCoy has had the chance to say 'He's dead, Jim!' three times."

After we've finished our cigarettes, the Captain's mind is taken over by an evil force-beam coming from a planet that was colonised 300 years ago by unwanted TV game show hosts. He forces Mr Sulu to dress up as a pink furry rabbit and tap dance. Mr Chekov has to guess the price of the Enterprise in roubles. He loses and is dropped into a vat of foam. I guess it correctly down to the kopeck but am disqualified because I refuse to sing 'Nellie the Elephant' in Swahili backwards. I suggest that as a solution we kill the Captain. I realise there'll be side-effects but I reckon I can live with them. However, murder proves unnecessary. After we blow up the planet with a few photon torpedoes, the Captain returns to "normal".

On the sub-space radio we get a distress call from the Federation colony on Planet Porn. The Captain paces up and down a while, looks worried and asks Lieutenant Uhuru three times to verify this. He has to repeat himself because every time she turns to him in her swivel-chair he gets a chance to look up her skirt. Eventually, the Captain orders us to proceed to the planet at Warp Factor One. I'm constantly amazed by the miracle of science that allows us to travel at such frightening speeds. On a good day, Mr Scott can get as much as 25 mph out of those engines!

As we approach the planet, Kirk orders Mr Chekov to put it up on the screen. "Aye aye Keptin" says Chekov and the same old football with blotchy bits painted on it flashes up in front of us.

Planet Porn is inhabited by men's magazine editors, millions of attractive young women and a bunch of dribbling photographers. Two thirds of its surface area is covered by a massive ocean of beer. For reasons that are not entirely clear to me, it is a popular tourist resort with male humans. We make audio contact with the planet's chief administrator, Commander Randy Mackintosh, who explains the problem. They have been invaded by a sinister race of intelligent marital aids — vibrators are molesting the girls, the blow-up dolls are blowing up beneath their owners and a huge amorphous mass of strawberry-flavoured joy jelly is drinking all the beer. I calculate that they will have taken over the planet completely in 3.37485 hours precisely and everyone on the bridge throws things at me for being a smart-ass. I further go on to suggest that the logical way of dealing with this major threat to the galaxy is to blow the planet to bits. But will they listen to me? Oh no. I turn around to find that they've already beamed down and that the Captain has left me a note saying that I'm to get the Enterprise out of there and leave him behind if he's not back by teatime.

Too bad. They all get back in time having successfully dealt with this threat to civilization as we know it. I imagine that the Captain must have confused the sex aids with dirty jokes from the American constitution.

"They have been invaded by a sinister race of intelligent marital aids . . ."

In the evening I go out and have fun, fun, fun at the staff recreation room. We sink a few jars, do a little differential calculus and all try to get off with Lieutenant Uhuru. I get drunk and sing old Vulcan songs, such as 'The Pink Hills of Squrdlblxx', 'Four and Twenty Virgins Came Down from Zuxccrnch', 'My Baby was Partially Eaten by Romulans' and 'I Lost my Heart to an Organ-Bank Manageress'. Everybody gets fed up with this and Joe, the bartender, throws me out at stardate five past three. I go back to my room, put on my E.T. pyjamas, drop my ears into a glass of water and cry myself to sleep. ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

SHIVANI

Shivani is a girl you ought to recognise, she featured in several issues of Knave a year or two ago. But I'm not going to tell you when . . .!

The reason for this editorial reticence is partly due to the alignment of the zodiac (the sun entered Libra a short time ago, you know). It's even possible that it has something to do with a perverse sense of mischief. But mostly it's a cunning ploy to heighten your awareness of this rather fetching set of photographs by complimenting your inevitable raw sexual response with a tinge of contemplation, and a sense of wonderment.

SHIVANI

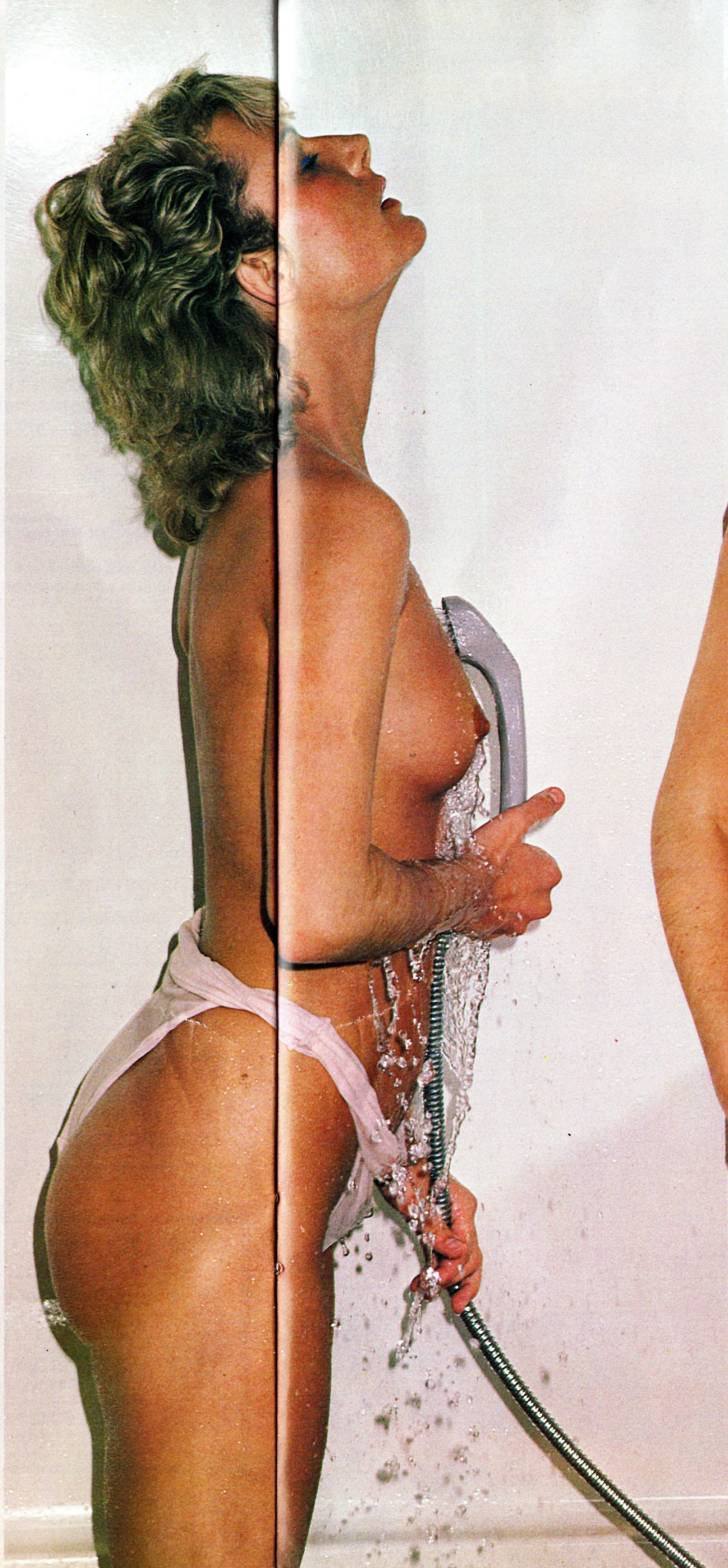
KNAVE MAGAZINE

BRYNA

Bryna, as you can see, has a spotless shower room. It's buried on the eighth floor of an apartment block in Copenhagen. She wiles away many an afternoon sluicing herself in the comfort of her shower room.

Sluicing comes a sensuous third in the Danish book of horny things to do before sunset. Carnal exploration comes second. And eating open sandwiches whilst sluicing in the shower comes out an easy winner.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL JUTZLER



THE KNAVE INTERVIEW:

Hollywood's Runaway Russian

TONY CRAWLEY, on the trail of box-office busting talent, tracks down Andrei Konchalovsky – the man who brought us hot shots of Nastassja Kinski. They settle down to chew the fat over the role of metaphor in the existential point of view . . . I think!

"Hollywood," said the film-maker slowly, "reminds me of monster devouring an enormous amount of people. There's a line in front of the monster, waiting to be swallowed. But he's very picky, this monster. First, you have to be swallowed. Then, you have to keep from being digested. Or . . . monster produces what happens after digestion."

It's a good line. Well told. recited, almost; and not, one presumes, for the first time. It matches what numerous movie directors think of Film City. But this director is different. He's not American. He's not a movie-brat. (He doesn't even have a beard — doesn't he know anything?) He's not yet another of the transplanted British. Nor, despite the often missing definite or indefinite articles, French or Italian. He's Russian.

Imagine a Russian trying to get it on in that home of crass commercialism, Hollywood — or as one movie-millionaire pal of mine dubs it, Sodom-by-the-Sea. I mean, a *Russian*! In a town where Russkies are almost the new Nazis — nameless, faceless thugs for Sylvester Stallone to aim arrows, machine-guns or fists at.

Andrei Mikhalkov Konchalovsky, grandson of the impressionist painter, son of a leader of the Union of Soviet Writers, and brother of Nikita Mikhaltov — actor turned director, is the first Russian film-maker to export his not inconsiderable talents to Hollywood since the legendary Sergei Eisenstein didn't quite make it in the 1930s.

Andrei Konchalovsky, of course, has pulled it off!

His first Hollywood movie, *Maria's Lovers*, was no big smash in America (except on cassette) but made a fortune in Europe — running for nearly a full year in Paris — and had everyone swooning at the steamy vistas of Nastassja Kinski, nude or almost so.

His second film, *Runaway Train* — a dynamite thriller originally scripted by Japan's mighty Kurosawa, no less — has ripped through successive global box-offices. It collected three Oscar nominations in February (the first ever won by a Cannon film) and represented America at this summer's Cannes film festival, where it won Jon Voight the Best Actor honours he lost last year to William Hurt.

And he hasn't stopped since. In London this Spring, Konchalovsky directed *Gift of the Heart* with Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, Max von Sydow and Macha Meril. In Paris and Hollywood he's into a six-movie deal with his Cannon Films backers as director and/or producer.

Ten years of work ahead? "Not ten years. I have to do these six pictures in three years!" He has definitely joined the Hollywood way of life!

A graduate of the elite Moscow Film Institute, Konchalovsky directed seven films in Russia and wrote eight more — including his brother's *Slave of Love* and the other runaway Russian, Andrei Tarkovsky's *Andrei Roublev*. Until coming West, he was most renowned around the world for his four-hour, three-generation, two-wars epic, *Siberiade* — a Cannes prize-winner in 1979. "What better calling-card do you need than *Siberiade*?" comments Irvin Kershner, director of the *The Empire Strikes Back* and Connery's final Bond, *Never Say Never Again*.

Konchalovsky's calling-card took him to Paris for a short, ultimately abortive attempt at making films in the West. So he determined on the greater leap to Hollywood, in 1980. Once again, no problem in securing celebrity audiences for his films — or stars wanting to work with him.

"To get Jack Nicholson or Shirley MacLaine to screenings, this was not difficult. But to get presidents of movie companies to look at my films . . . this was another story."

He met one executive who said he'd seen Russian films — like *Dr Zhivago* and *Nicholas and Alexandra*! He tried another tack. The next studio big-wig to give him a cursory, "Oh yeah . . . now where the hell are you from again?" was told: "I'm from Afghanistan. I make pictures about sheep. And I got Oscar for it."

"Oh yeah, course you did. That's right. So . . . whaddyer wanna do now?"

Hollywood stars were better. They adored him and his films. He became pally with Nicholson and Bobby Duvall. Had an affair with Shirley MacLaine. Played tennis with Charlton Heston. And following a screening of *Slave of Love*, Jon Voight went up to Konchalovsky and knelt before him . . .

Voight was named Best Actor at the Cannes festival of 1978, when Konchalovsky served on the jury. And it was Voight — "I had to work with this guy — *Siberiade* is a masterpiece!" — who arranged the Russian's Green Card work-permit entry into the United States to work on various projects together in California. The films never took off. Other offers, suggestions, hints or promises also fizzled out into the Hollywood smog. No one said it would be easy. The richly acclaimed film-maker became somewhat frazzled. He realised he'd have to start his career all over again.

From studio to studio, he heard the same refrain. It takes a foreigner — never mind a Russkie — ten years or more to make good in Film City. He made *Maria's Lovers* in the third year.

He's not gloating. He knows it was Kinski's name which pulled off the deal, not his. He hadn't even thought of her for the film. "We were talking one day in

HOLLYWOOD'S RUNAWAY RUSSIAN

Continued from previous page

Malibu, about plays we wanted to do. She'd just made the cover of Time magazine. She was The Hot Person of that year. And I remember her saying: Whatsa matter, doncha want to make a movie with me?

"Cannon Films didn't care about my screenplay or that I had no Hollywood experience. Frankly, they didn't even want to talk to me. They wanted a package. They wanted a low-budget film. They wanted Nastassja Kinski."

What they got was a bonus — a new superstar director. And being Cannon, they're not about to let him go. Oh, sure, he can go to Europe and direct an opera on stage if he feels like it. But as for films, he's part of 'the Cannon family.'

How come that, unlike the defecting Tarkovsky, you were freely able to quit Moscow for the West?

(Laugh). Margot Kidder called me E.T. To Americans, Russia is an extraterrestrial civilisation. E.T. and I are the same. We're asked the same question all the time: How did you get here? I freely left Russia because it wasn't free!

But *how*. . .?

I was able to go because I was married to a French girl. All Soviets can live abroad if they're married to foreigners. Like Spassky (the chess player), for example. But they didn't let me go just like that. It was after a long, silent struggle. But . . . nothing to complain about. They're asking me back now. To work under their terms. I say I won't go back until I have permanent residence abroad.

Culture shock has been known to depress, even kill people. How come you survivied after leaping the cultural chasm between Moscow and Hollywood?

Maybe it's my character and my personal beliefs which give me strength. Second, I think it's a good training, working with Soviet authorities. To work in Russia, you really have to have the balls to get through, keep things going. Working there is very secure — especially when you know you can go this way or this way — but never *that* way. So . . . you don't go *that* way. It's useless! There are things you cannot show and that's it. So you go this way, do the best you can and can still make good, sometimes very good pictures.

"I spent two miserable years in California but — the best place to be miserable is California."

Nastassja Kinski acting on her back.

When you get to other side of the barricade, you can go this way, that way — you can go anywhere. But you're still not sure you're going to get a picture going. You can have great script but then, you have to go get the money.

The chasm is not so vast, after all?

The two systems have similarities. Hollywood is a corporate mentality — like Socialist mentality. All very bureaucratic. All the people are paid to say No. Very few to say Yes. Because if you say Yes and you're wrong — you're fired! Also, every place is taken and there's a long line waiting to join the merry-go-round. But, stupid to complain. I spent two miserable years in California but I think it was Barbara Stanwyck who said: the best place to be miserable is California.

What were you doing for money in those years?

Teaching. For $500 per month in university. No, not U.C.L.A. — a tiny, right-wing university called Pepperdine. I was waiting, you know. Just looking for The Job. Seeing people. Writing. I had two deals — small, very small — writing at Paramount and Columbia for Jon Voight. Sometimes, it was very desperate. But I had a lot of friends. It's ridiculous to say I was suffering. It *was* painful. But that's OK. It should be like that. It was a humbling experience, helped to remind you who you are. And I always counselled myself: Listen, no one asked you to come here . . . you could have stayed in France or . . . returned to Russia.

Could you — can you return?

I remember sitting with very important director who cannot get a job: Monte Hellman. Marvellous man. Very tender. Very intelligent. We got drunk and I said: Listen, at least I have my return ticket to Moscow. I can always go back to Red Square, go on my knees and say: I was wrong, give me a job. And Monte said: I wish I had a ticket, too!

You tried to get established in Paris. But the French let you — and *Maria's Lovers* — go . . .

I don't think they wanted me to come! I stayed 18 months in Paris, trying to make *Maria's Lovers*. I wrote five scripts . . . but Daniel Toscan du Plantier (then head of the Gaumont combine) didn't want to make the film. He didn't want me to work in France.

Why not?

He thought I was some kind of Soviet official or something . . . I don't know. We had discussion about a Tarkosvky film. He thought it incredible. I said: It's OK, but with 40 minutes cut, it'd be better. He said: Oh, you think about scripts like Brezhnev . . . or something. And after that, he started to say I'd come West to undermine such films for political reasons.

Are you political?

I was never political — nor politicised in my pictures. I'm not very political now, either. I simply tried to establish myself in France — and failed. And in Hollywood, I was getting close to my personal deadline, when HBO, the cable-vision company, asked me to direct *The Split Cherry Tree* for $5,000.

You threw away some good chances, though, like . . .

. . . *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Dead Zone*, yes. I felt they could be good pictures — as I understand the term. But I could not make them. I didn't know what was under the beds of Americans. Could be nothing, or a loafer, or just dust. Only when I started to have a feel for American beds was I ready to really work there.

Hard to think of you making *Beverly Hills Cop!*

I just threw it in the trash can and said: How dare they send this to me? Some interesting things there but I'd have to rewrite it. It's a piece of shit! Then, I go see the picture, exactly as it was written and it was great — it worked! Every shot is no longer than 3½ seconds. That's a special technique. I don't know how to do it. I don't know because I don't know how to do the bad guys bad and the good guys good.

You prefer greys to blacks and whites?

No, I prefer black and white, intermixed in the same character. Not grey.

While you were scurrying around for a film, couldn't your celebrity pals help you raise one?

Hollywood is full of people ready to do anything. But it's an illusion to think that if you have good relationship with Jon Voight or Jack Nicholson, you can get a picture. *They* are looking for pictures, themselves. And it's all based on box-office, basically. I came there with no box-office.

Didn't Voight bring you *Runaway Train*?

No that was Coppola. Sometime in 1981, when I didn't have a job, one of Coppola's team, Tom Luddy, called me. "Listen, there is a Kurosawa script. The Japanese have called Francis about it. They've got the rights back and want him to direct but he's suggested you." I jumped so high, I almost hit the roof.

I was in love with the script, first time I read it. Great, great story. Great action. Very tense. Very condensed. Had all the levels necessary for making a good picture. Interesting to watch because the action is fast-moving, there's quite a psychological twist to the characters and some really serious thoughts about the relativity of evil and freedom. The story, itself, is a great metaphor: the concentration of energy and passion, the existential point of view and the image of the train as something — perhaps the arms race, perhaps civilization — out of control.

And that's how a Russian came to direct a Japanese script in America!

I did *Maria's Lovers* first. I met the Cannon people at the Cannes festival, 1983 pitched the story to Menahem Golan and he made decision right away. On the spot. Ten minutes. When we took the film to the Venice festival, I gave him *Runaway Train* to read. He said: "Let's do it right away — postpone your other work." At Cannon, decisions are made immediately.

You did some work on the script with Kurosawa, himself?

Yes. I first met him in Moscow. I remember meeting him. Of course, I do. Along with Bunuel, Fellini and Bergman, he created world cinema for me. But . . . he doesn't remember meeting me! He didn't want to make the film, although he'd written it for himself. The Japanese flew me to Tokyo and I met Kurosawa again. Spent two great days on the script with him. I wanted to make it as an American picture — not a foreign film about America. His three characters, the two escaped convicts and the railroad worker they find on the train, had American names — all called Bob! But their behaviour was slightly Oriental. He understood we needed more American or European mentality and that I'd protect his main design — the way he built tension without resolution. The more you postpone resolution, the more tension becomes . . . unbearable! If I get some of that on-screen it's because I like Kurosawa and tried to do something like him. I consider myself a disciple of Kurosawa.

What happened to the Japanese producers?

They didn't want changes. They began to get very anxious with me and looked as if they'd make the film without me. But a year later, when they still had not found a director or finance — maybe because the original script was very Kurosawian, very Zen — they pulled out. Now they're trying to get back in. Too late!

"Only when I started to have a feel for American beds was I ready to really work there."

You went through a lot of re-writers, including the ex-con Edward Bunker.

Bobby Duvall suggested Eddie. I'd given Bobby the script and he said: It's good but everyone speaks like they're foreigners — you need some real American guy. He gave me two names — 'two chaps,' he said. One was committed to working on *Miami Vice*. And Eddie was free. He'd just finished his new novel, *Confessions of a Cocaine Dealer*. He corrected the prison sequences, added the psychology of the prison and the character of the warden, Rankin. So, we got together, him, me and Jon Voight . . . who wanted to call the film, *No Best So Fierce*, the name of Eddie's other book which Dustin Hoffman made as *Straight Time*.

It's also a quote from *Richard III*, isn't it?

Yes; and the film reminds me of *Richard III*. Kurosawa has great sense of epic and tragedy — very tough, very raw, very bloody. I think it's going to have a broader appeal than *Maria's Lovers*.

You cast Jon Voight immediately, of course.

No, I started with Kurosawa's ideas. Dustin Hoffman would have been great but he was busy. Gene Hackman said Yes but was tired after *Target* and was not available in time. Jon Voight said no. He actually said no! Then, I started looking at other actors. De Niro could have done it, Pacino — any big actor. I went back to Jon and he said yes, on the advice of his younger son. He'd said no because he

HOLLYWOOD'S RUNAWAY RUSSIAN

Continued from previous page

didn't think he could be Manny. I *knew* he could. He's one of the finest actors in Hollywood because he's really a romantic. He can be romantic or realistic. Very few actors can do both — or either. Once I found Manny, I knew the rest would fit in.

How do you explain Manny?

Oh it'd be difficult to start explaining the characters. Not difficult. Just boring! I'm serious! If I were able to explain their every move, I'd need to be a scientist. They should be read through the film, itself. Every character should have more meaning than we want. Like every symbol should have more meaning than one. If a symbol has one meaning only, it becomes primitive. A great Russian poet said: Symbols should be obscure, infinitive, like the train is a symbol for whatever you want it to be — another prison, if you like.

I don't think Manny is an animal at all. That's *his* point of view, not mine. He's not a beast in that sense. He is exactly what he says he is . . . when the railroad worker, (now a girl), keeps calling him an animal and he roars, "No! Worse. Human! Human!" He's very human. On the edge. He knows that in order to survive, sometimes one should be very cruel. Win or lose, he says, what's the difference? For him, it's all very relative. As freedom is relative. He was free in prison, as well.

> ***"I remember meeting Kurosawa, he created world cinema for me. But . . . he doesn't remember meeting me!"***

The train scenes are unbelievable . . .

The train was in Alaska and it was very mild. We needed heavy, falling snow to help create the blurred image of flying metal going through it all. Without the snow, there's no feeling of speed. The law of perception; an interesting problem. Dangerous, too. I was often praying before takes. Because Jon — especially Jon — didn't want any security harness. And you know, when the train moves at 5mph, it becomes frightening. At 10mph, you think it's already 30mph. When it hits top-speed of 40mph, you cannot move! Jon's a light-hearted fella, he did some things without security. I had to force him to put on a belt or harness.

Before arriving in Hollywood, was there one name that meant American cinema for you? Apart from Chaplin.

Coppola. Scorsese. Forman. Chaplin doesn't represent Hollywood for me but a stage of world cinema. He started the whole works. You see results of his work all over the world. Hollywood didn't produce those results. Chaplin was before Hollywood. The four other directors who are world cinema for me are: Bunuel, Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa. There are other great directors, but for me these four set what I consider unattainable great goals.

Jon Voight waiting for the punch line.

Did you ever see Hollywood movies in Moscow?

Of course! And not just at film school. I remember seeing *Bambi* and Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan in 1945 in Moscow — with two-mile queues in the snow outside the cinema. It's very trendy to admire Hollywood there. I know some Russians who know all the names . . . Personally I never knew American cinema that well.

And now?

Sometimes when I see an American picture that has great success, I get deep depression. Because I don't know how to do that. I'd like to, you know, because I like craft. Any kinda craft — shoes or commercials. Especially commercials! I have deep respect for people like, let's say, William Friedkin. It's *very* difficult to make *The Exorcist* really work . . . and his *French Connection* has very little psychological or political message, but it's a high-class film. Incredible! In that sense, Americans are the best — extremely professional.

Also, in the United States, there's more possibilities to make very tough pictures because the level of dichotomy between the lower depths and the high-ups is so enormous! The United States has the best that humankind can produce — and the worst.

Whatever you want, they have. From organised crime to high-tech sophistication. From richness and wealth to poverty that you could not imagine in Russia . . . or India. Such a span! Gives you opportunities to express and study and scrutinise things that would not be possible in Russia. For different reasons, not only political. Just like, say, it'd be difficult to make *Runaway Train* in Switzerland — or *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Is there a creative danager for you in staying in Hollywood too long?

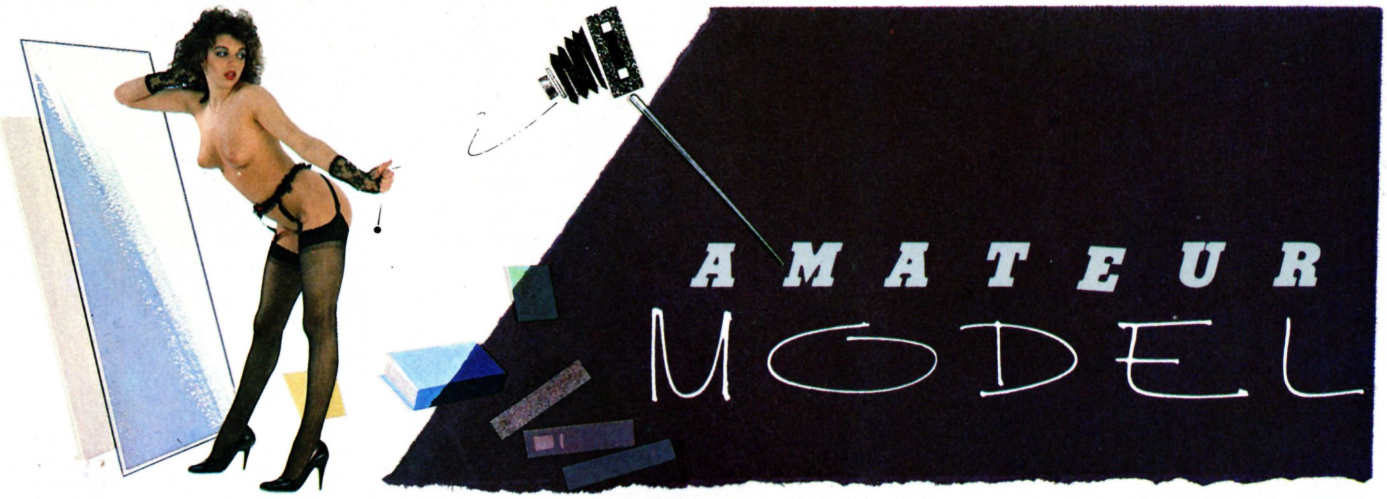
I'm not staying there. I'm staying all over the world. London, Paris etc.

Exactly. Is that on purpose? To avoid being tainted, ruined by Hollywood.

Oh no, no, no. I can tell you the dream is to be in a position like Nicolas Roeg, Woody Allen, Stanley Kubrick. To work in Hollywood, Europe or New York. That's the best situation. It's also very difficult and I'm not sure I'll ever get there. Because I'm not in Hollywood. I'm with Cannon.

They used to call you E.T. What's your nick-name now you're accepted?

I don't know. (Laugh). I'd like to be: Film Director. That's all. I'd like to be swallowed by Hollywood, sure. I would not like to be digested.



AMATEUR MODEL

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MARIE CLEMISON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

✂ —

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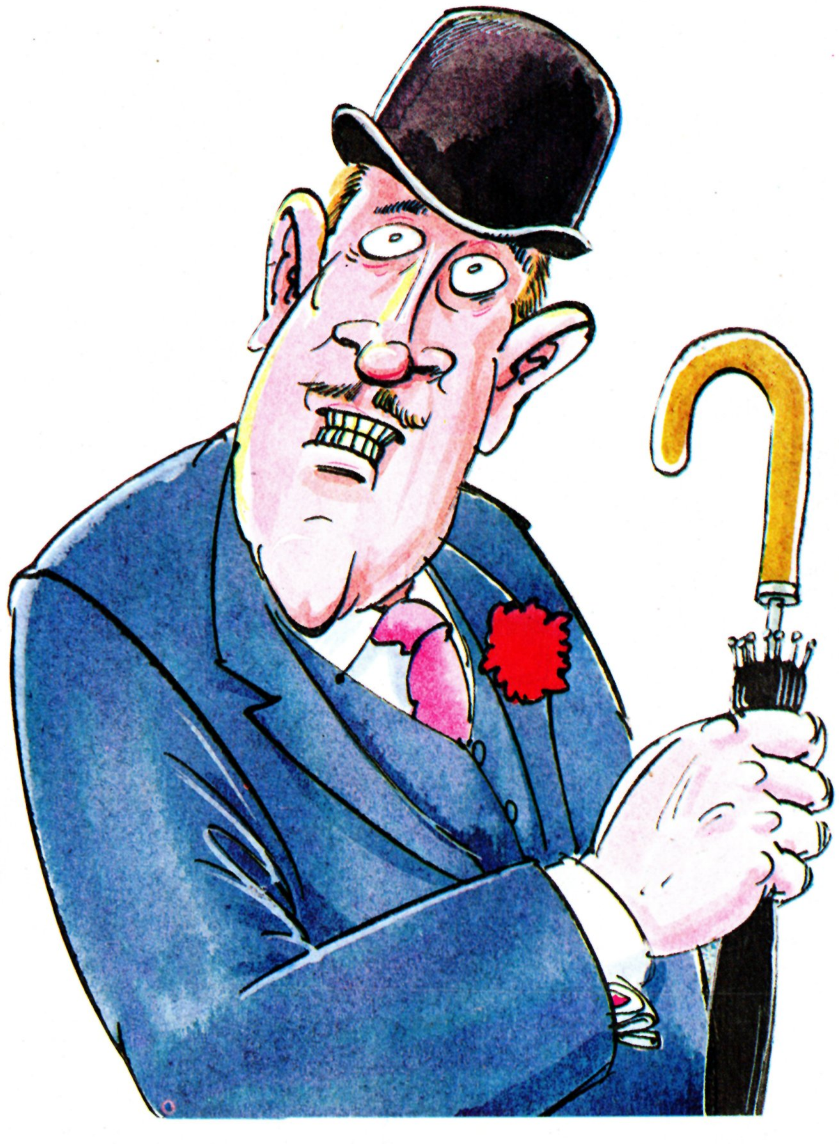
If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

Marie comes from a small place which she won't let me mention by name. However, I can tell you that it's on the phone, thus enabling Marie to earn her crust as a telephone sales person. I can also reveal that it's on the Scottish side of Hadrian's Wall. And that, on my map at least, it's surrounded by danger areas.

Danger could well be Marie's middle name — except that she doesn't have a middle name. Once she went out with a pot-holer from Felling, but since then has discovered that she prefers climbing up things rather than squirming down them. Weekends find her in tight little shorts clinging to various bits of the Cheviot Hills.

Sweet Folk All



Some people call him paranoid, others are less kind. But we at Knave know that you can rely on BRIAN HIGHLEY to come back from his jet setting with a fresh supply of invective. This month, it's Anglo-Saxon tweeness which fires his wrath.

I recently did some work for an 'international business organisation' who decided that I might be able to lift them from their peak of decline by presenting their product at Expo '86 in Vancouver.

Funds didn't run to an actual stand at the Expo, the concept was for me to stroll around wearing a company logo tee-shirt in the hope that the world's buyers would flock to me with their orders, which I would then jot down in my 39p W.H. Smith reporter's pad.

Funds didn't run to a ticket all the way to Vancouver either! They got me a cut price cancellation to Toronto and suggested that I thumb it from there.

Have you ever seen a map of Canada? Getting from Toronto to Vancouver is like getting from Gatwick to Baghdad but without French air traffic control to help you get of in the middle. "Bugger Vancouver," thinks I.

I rang the biggest company in our field, which just happens to operate from Toronto, bluffed them into believing that I had something worth looking at, and told them to have someone meet me at the airport.

Walking into a totally strange environment to meet a totally strange person upon whom your next mortgage payment could depend is rather like jumping into bed with Joan Collins when your only previous sexual encounter has been a peck on the cheek from a bearded eighty year old aunt.

It's an occasion upon which you want to make a good impression, to radiate confidence, to cast aside that 'sorry I'm a bit inferior' feeling that's born into the British, it's an occasion to hold your head up high in the firm knowledge that the residents of the vast continent on the other side of the Atlantic might very well have intimidating accents and big shoulders, but when it gets down to the nitty gritty of international commerce we Brits can definitely show them a thing or two.

I recognised my contact from the photograph in his company magazine. I checked my fly, straightened my chin and walked toward him, concentrating on the firmness of the handshake upon which he would base all future impressions of me, (at least he would if he read the Daily Mirror feature on how to impress at an interview).

It was at this point that my attention was diverted by the jingle of bells and the snatch of conversation:

"Look at t'size o' them bloody cars."

"Bloody 'ell! But if what I've read's

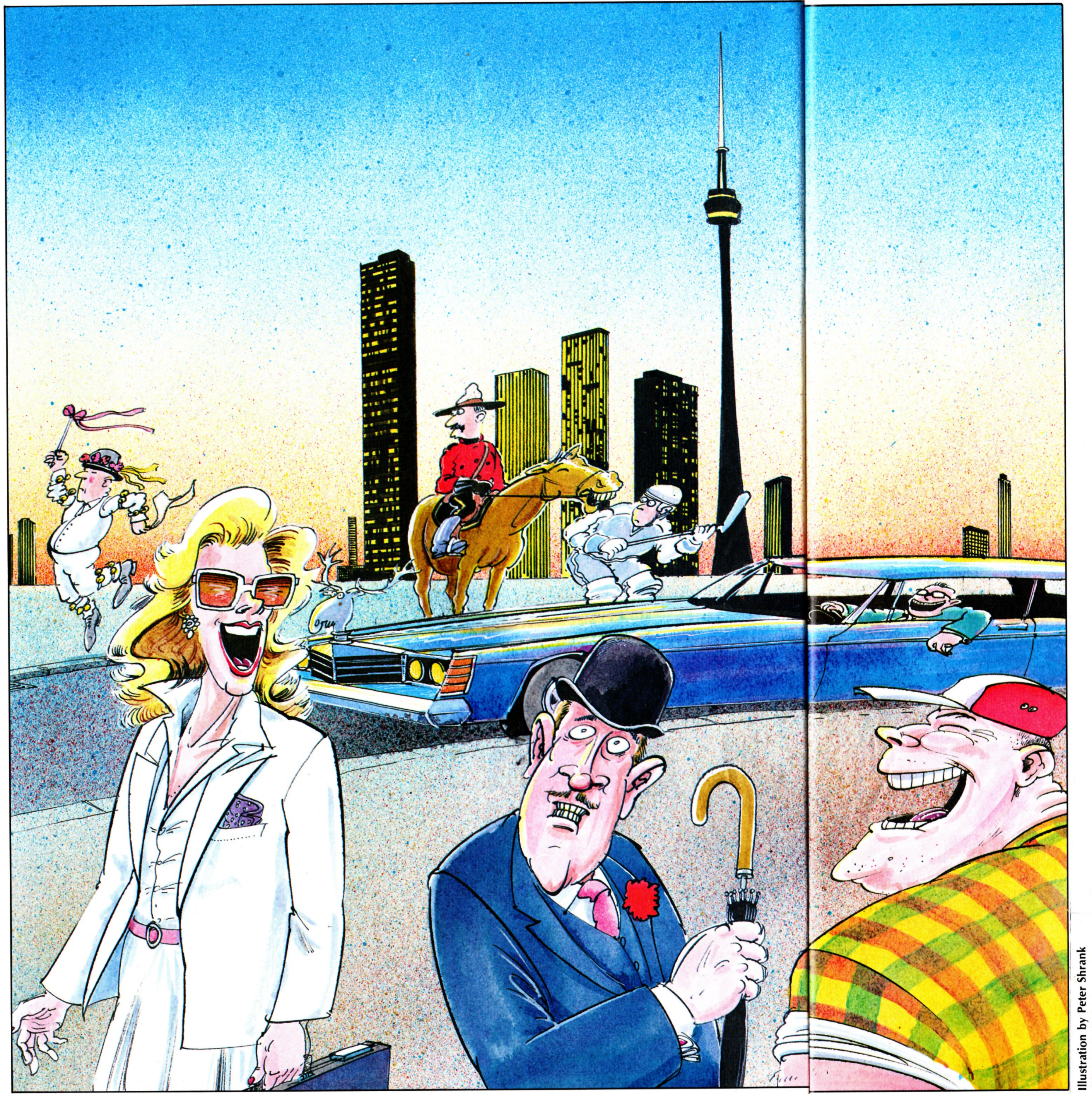


Illustration by Peter Shrank

Sweet Folk All

Continued from previous page

right they don't do no decent real ale out 'ere.''

It was a team of morris dancers who'd probably arrived on an earlier flight and had just cleared customs. I could see the immigration desk people watching their progress out towards the car park wondering where they'd stashed the drugs, ''Surely they must be taking something if they go around dressed like THAT!''

The hand that went into that of the mega-exec was like a packet of wet tripe. How the hell are you supposed to present a good face for Britain when other sections of the community are always letting us down. Whenever I see morris dancers I feel stripped of my twentieth century veneer and exposed as being just another pillock from England. Climbing into the seat of a hundred yard long limousine with its clicking computer and bleeping telephone, I know that my suit is just as smart as that of the guy getting into the driving seat, but the sight of those bleeding dancers makes me feel that he's looking at me as though I'm someone who can't wait to get back home and into my white knee-length cotton pants for a bout of bashing my mates over the head with an inflated bladder on a stick.

''We'll call in for a drink, you could probably use one, have you got your tankard?''

Have I got my what? It transpires that mega-exec's only run in with the British was during a visit by some battle re-enactment group who went everywhere with their pewter pots swinging from their belts. He's clearly disappointed when he introduces me to his friends in the neighbourhood cocktail lounge and I order a glass of scotch instead of producing some vast lead-like container to be filled with ale.

The snag with Britain is that we present an image of ourselves to the outside world that's almost completely created by the folky element in our society.

Authors, poets, TV producers, in fact all branches of the communicative arts, are controlled by people who spent the formative years of their lives wearing navy-blue roll-neck sweaters in folk clubs. They've become so immersed in the music of yesteryear that their actual childhood has been forgotten and they look back to a hazy soft-focus time when white knights saved blonde princesses from the clutches of dragons.

In their search for a way back to this childhood they still look upon Sundays as a day to seek out the pub with a concertina player and fiddler repeating the same simple riff over and over again in front of the fire, with clog dancers competing for space on the car park with morris dancers, and where steam trains and hand thrown pots form the main topics of conversation.

You can always recognise these image makers, they all have beards and are followed around by feminist wives who make yoghurt in the airing cupboard when they're not helping out at the battered wives' hostel.

These are the buggers who perpetuate a history in which the only British rulers worth remembering were some pillock who set fire to an oven full of cakes and the guy with six wives who ate his dinner straight from the bone whilst playing 'Greensleeves' on a mini-harp. They would have the rest of the world believe that to be a hero in England you have to become a petty crook who lives in the forest with the local vicar.

Whilst in Canada I actually had the experience of sitting in a bar full of guys the size of lumberjacks when the most important ice hockey game of the season was interrupted for half an hour by the regular afternoon showing of *Coronation Street*.

I could see my chances of earning enough money to pay for the flight home getting less and less the second I heard that sodding trumpet winding up for action.

''What's the little building at the back of that house? The one with the cat on its roof?''

I'd been there a couple of days and got used to the fact that Canadians are sensitive about certain functions. You don't go to the toilet, you go either to the bathroom or the rest room.

Although there won't be a bath in there, and there's even less likelihood of there being somewhere to have a rest. I told mega-exec that the *Coronation Street* cat was sitting on the roof of the bathroom. We then got into an involved discussion as to why these guys had a bog at the bottom of the garden. The only logical reason that I could come up with was one of hygiene, so I suggested that the outside loo was to keep the smell out of the kitchen. There's now this guy walking around Toronto carrying the firm belief that Lancastrians produce such foul smelling turds that they have to produce them in a separate building!

''How the hell can I convince someone who arrives in our country outside licensing hours that we really do live in the twentieth century?''

''How long did you say you're staying out here?''

''Just a fortnight?''

''A fortnight?''

''That's right.''

''Is that what you English call a month?''

''No. A fortnight's a fortnight.''

''It isn't a year, is it?''

You can sense the panic starting to set

Sweet Folk All

continued from previous page

in. Not only does this dildo speak a different language, it looks as though he intends hanging around for several years or whatever period of time this archaic expression 'a fortnight' denotes.

Visitors to Toronto are always taken to the top of the C.N. Tower, the world's tallest free-standing building; like any civilized society the Canadians have their priorities sorted out and have installed a bar at the top (that's right folks, not only have I had a drink in the world's highest bar, I've also had a piss in the world's highest urinal)!

It was whilst sitting at the top of that tower watching the lights come up in streets that went to the horizon and then on in a straight line for another couple of thousand miles, that I realised if I did interest mega-exec in our product he'd want to come over to England to enjoy our hospitality. As if he'd read my mind he crashed into my nightmare, "I'm looking forward to seeing some of your pubs, do they have TV?"

Above each table in the C.N. Tower is a television set broadcasting one of the 24 hour non-stop rock video channels. I imagined this guy strolling into one of our show-piece locals with the view of the motorway and the TV permanently tuned to Ceefax for the racing results. Even this would be better than the folkies.

"Do your English chicks still wear those mini-skirts?"

I pretended I hadn't heard him. The bar was full of females who could have stepped out of the pages of Vogue, Canada missed the punk era, and therefore also managed to skip the skunk era that followed it.

They sit watching *Coronation Street* thinking that Bet Lynch is some kind of horrific caricature invented by the scriptwriters, little do they know that Bet's a soberly dressed beauty compared to the *Spitting Image* style folkettes that hang around with the real-ale crowd.

"And what about British food?"

A Canadian steak is two inches thick, it fills the plate and it's piled high with chips, mushrooms and salad with assorted cream based dressings. Their burgers are exactly the same except that the steak has been minced up and stuck in a bun.

If a mega-exec comes over here, how the hell am I going to explain to him that our folky-controlled media has shoved the country's restaurants into a health-food fad whereby anything tasty gets labelled nouvelle cuisine and is only served in tiny-tot sized portions, and if he does want a filling meal it will be in a businessman's lunch type pub where he'll have to stand up balancing his plate of pie in one hand, eating with the other and holding his pint between his knees.

To the people of the New World a folk singer is someone who performs songs of complaint about nuclear dumping and acid rain. 'Traditional' folk singers over there are those who go back in time as far as early Bob Dylan or maybe a verse of *Puff The Magic Dragon*. All of our 'Hey nonny nonny no' and 'Young Tristran was a jolly lad' is the sort of material that would classify us as the kind of people who should be herded together and installed on a reservation.

After receiving a postcard from someone on holiday in London my mega-exec firmly believed that our only means of making contact from one town to the next was by town criers. This concept of the British wasn't helped when he watched a TV series about ancient customs in which the episode about the headhunter's wife who stuck plates in her bottom lip was followed by the episode showing a British south coast bingo hall.

> ***"Whenever I see morris dancers I feel stripped of of my twentieth century veneer and exposed as being just another pillock from England."***

Our fifteen century image begins the second that foreigners clear customs at Heathrow. The first thing they see on British soil is a stand selling fresh orange juice. The British spend seven hours cramped in a jumbo jet and then instead of getting the first available taxi home they stand and queue for a cardboard cup of orange juice. I remember being told that the most noticeable thing about Moscow was the way in which the natives would queue for hours to buy an orange, now, Muscovites come to London to watch the natives queue up for orange juice.

It's as though we don't have the ability to go out and buy oranges, take them home, cut them in half and squeeze the juice out, we have to fly to the other side of the world in order to get a plane back into the arrivals section of Heathrow so as to queue for orange juice!

The orange juice myth is yet another product of our folksy media, anything coloured orange available from supermarket shelves is probably water infested with artificial flavourings and hyperactivity inducing E colourants. Real oranges, of course, are such frail creatures that if they're not consumed the second they arrive in the country they lose all of their natural vitamin C and give you a terminal dose of Legionnaire's disease.

The first thing you see at Toronto Airport is the bar, how the hell can I convince someone who arrives in our country outside licencing hours that we really do live in the twentieth century, even though all I can offer in the way of welcoming refreshment is a place in the queue for orange juice?

Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against tradition, I think it's fine for the Yanks to come over festooned with Japanese cameras to take pictures of our lovely policemen and red coated guards, but why don't we do our tourist bit in the same way that they do it? Theme parks.

If the folk lot want to live in a society controlled by Noddy-hatted coppers in which it's illegal to sell a banana on a Sunday, and in which the lovely ladies contained within these pages would be protected from themselves and the evil men who exploit their bodies, then so be it. But let them do it in their own fenced off area.

It could be the answer to the unemployment problem, vast acres of Britain turned into theme parks. There would be walkways through the trees to keep fee paying customers at a safe distance from the baton wielding riot police charging into whichever group of workers had been selected to provide that day's strike action. Television sets would be available throughout the park, they would show nothing but repeats. Everything worth having would either have a massive tax on it or would be kept out of reach on the top shelf, and to add to the authentic atmosphere, bus and train tours of the park would all run at times bearing abolutely no relationship to those on the timetables.

You might well be asking why I'm showing such deep concern over the future of Britain when I'm just about to strike it rich in Canada.

The truth of the matter is that I didn't make the sale. Mega-exec liked the product, but a test marketing exercise suggested that the Canadians are a bit backward when it comes to new food ideas, and I'm still looking for an outlet with an interest in 'Boil-in-the-bag low cholesterol straight from the freezer cow heel with mushy peas'. Any ideas?

Porn Cocktail

There's Hollywood. . .
and then again there's the porno business;
from softcore to video filthies; from stars to bit-part hustlers.
Our Special Co-respondent, *Jim Dawson*, passes on all the very latest gossip. . .

SLEAZE ON SCREEN

Careena Collins looking apprehensive with others from the cast of Farmer's Daughter. (Below): Careena getting behind the camera.

Pretty young Careena Collins has suddenly burst onto the scene with starring roles in a half dozen films, such as *Born To Run, Return To Sex, 5th Avenue* and *Farmer's Daughter*. She also had a small but memorable role as a girl condemned to fuck for eternity in *The Devil In Miss Jones III: A New Beginning*.

Early in her career, she started telling her producer-director, Jerome Tanner about her own teenage years and how she came to get into X-rated films. Tanner was so intrigued that he made a movie about it, *Born To Run*, and re-enacted Careena's attempts to run away from home and the sexual situations she stumbled into. By Careena's own account, she lost her cherry early. But otherwise she was very innocent until she made sex movies.

''This business shocks me totally every single day,'' she says. ''Before I came out here (to California) I only had three boyfriends, and they were all very boring. I didn't know that then. Nobody ever satisfied me. After fucking I'd feel good because I satisfied them — that's how I thought it was supposed to be.''

When Careena had her very first sex scene in front of a camera, she had her first real orgasm! Another first was making a come shot. To build up to it, she first had to do something else for the first time: suck a man to orgasm. She went out with her co-star, Steve Drake, after a day on the set and ended up staying with him all night. ''But I was on the rag, and I was sore, and he was sore, so we really couldn't fuck. But I couldn't stay off him. I wanted him in my mouth so bad.''

When Steve came in her mouth, it was a surprise . . . and a revelation. ''I really enjoy it now. And it really set me up for being able to take wet shots. Now I can suck a guy off and let him squirt on my face, and it won't bother me. I'm not afraid of a man's come anymore.''

God only knows where all of this will lead, but Careena's going along for the ride no matter where it takes her. ''I can't believe I went so long without knowing what I was missing!'' she exclaims. Her career in X-rated movies has so far been a liberating experience. ''I'm open for experiences now,'' she brags. ''I'm more of a whole person. I can thank this business for that.''

ROMANCING THE BONE

It had to happen sooner or later. Now that ex-porn stars Candida Royalle and Kay Parker are making a series of 'couples' and 'women's' movies-videos aimed at a more feminine audience, to be enjoyed by women by themselves or with their lovers — the next logical step was the Romance Porno Flick, complete with ripped bodices, breathless sighs and swooning governesses. This sort of stuff has dominated the paperback market for the past 20 years, and a popular Romance book that takes place in Victorian England, America's Civil War South, or the bedrooms and boardrooms of Hollywood can easily sell a million copies, which means that more than shop girls are reading them.

Dreamland Home Video recently took that step with its new 'Danielle Rogers Romance' series of videos, produced, directed and sometimes written by Danielle Rogers. Danielle, of course, doesn't really exist. She's simply a composite of two very popular Romance writers, Danielle Steele and Rosemary Rogers. Danielle's also a front for director Scotty Fox and director/writer Raven Touchstone — in other words, a psuedonym for two *noms de smut*.

The series' latest entry on the market is *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, whose ad-line goes something like this: ''From warrior to poet, a graduation in power, his strength was never greater than when he yielded to Tess. It was like surrendering to clouds, being overwhelmed by silk. Such gentle innocence and sweet abandon. To be swept away by the force of her softness, empowered by the weakening of his own will . . .''

No mention anywhere of spunk! No ''horny sluts down on their knees'', no ''trashy bimbos looking for hard action'', no ''studs opening up virgin territory!''

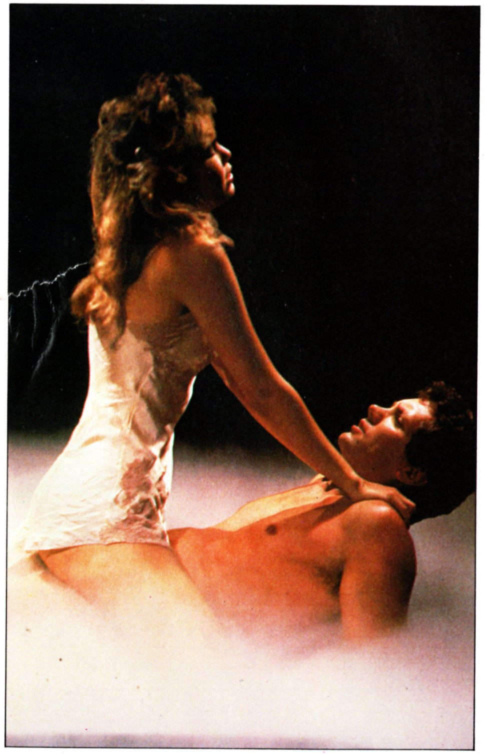
The movie itself suffers from exactly the kind of schizophrenia you'd expect. Despite its soft-focus look and a dialogue that's almost sensitive enough to give you a nosebleed, *Thy Neighbor's Wife* does have its share of cocksucking, cuntslurping and other assorted diversions. Scotty Fox, who's known for making wall-to-wall fuck 'n' suck videos, couldn't resist reminding his more delicate partner, Ms Touchstone, that a porn movie had to have graphic sex in it — and the only sex he knows is gratuitous, shoot-it-in-her-face loop sex.

If there's a definite plus in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, it's brand new starlet Sheena Horne, a classy, almond-eyed beauty who gets seduced by most of the movie's principals. To underscore her innocence and appeal to the delicate sensibilities of librarians and schoolmarms, the film makers slapped Vaseline on the camera lens and pumped some smoke into the room during her sex scenes. Only when Kimberly Carson, Sheena's not-so-nice pal, starts grabbing for cocks does the sex begin to look raunchy.

Whether this sort of polite X-rated entertainment will find an audience is anybody's guess. Fuck movies, no matter how cheaply made, have always survived simply because they provide the hardcore action that Hollywood blockbusters can't deliver. With *Thy Neighbor's Wife* and other soft-headed, soft-dicked porn of its ilk, Rogers and Touchstone may discover that a middle ground between romance and hardcore sex does not exist.

Continued →

(Above and below) Sheena Horne in Thy Neighbor's Wife. *Soft focus romantic porn for the sensitive amongst us!*



REQUIEM FOR RAUNCH

On May 21, when the New York-based Critics Adult Film Association held its sixth annual awards show, the group meant to celebrate another year's crop of X-rated films and videos. Unfortunately, the ceremonies served only to underscore the fact that porn ain't what it was . . . and that porn in New York is dead!

After the wild festivities of the Los Angeles-based X-Rated Critics Organization's awards show in West Hollywood on Valentine's Day, which attracted dozens of today's hottest stars, the CAFA awards were low-key and non-glamorous. Who was there? Candida Royalle, Samantha Fox, Annie Sprinkle, Tiffany Clark and Veronica Hart were among the glitterati — but they're all retired porn stars from another era. Gloria Leonard was on hand to pick up her Best Actress plaque for her role in *Taboo — American Style*, but that was simply a comeback; Gloria's best years in movies were half a decade ago. Marc Stevens and Jack Wrangler showed up, but again we're talking about porno dinosaurs. Directors Fred Lincoln and Henri Pachard were also in attendance, but both are now doing most of their work in Los Angeles.

Sure, newcomer Tasha Voux and an unknown starlet or two showed up to lend some fresh skin to the proceedings, and there was a lingerie fashion show designed to liven things up, but otherwise — let's be honest now — this show was nothing more than a wake, an attempt to honor a tradition past its prime and lay it to rest.

Where were Traci Lords, Ginger and Amber Lynn, Sheri St Claire, Nikki Charm, Blondi, Kelli, Kari, Christy, Nina, Danielle? Not even New York regulars like Taija Rae and Sharon Mitchell showed up, Annette Heinz did turn up wearing a short skirt, but what has she done lately?

The stars in attendance represented a time, which peaked about five years ago, when the budgets of X-rated films went up, plots got a little thicker, and the industry in general pretentiously made an effort to compete with Hollywood films. Then, in 1983, the video revolution took off like a Roman candle on the West Coast, where fresh, young, tanned starlets seemed to have been made for the close electronic scrutiny of the video camera. But in New York, where actresses were older, mostly less attractive and more pallid, the magic of video didn't work as flatteringly, and so video passed the city's porn scene by. Local directors like Chuck Vincent stayed with film, made progressively darker and less erotic movies, and sank into a depression that all but made them and their actors and actresses pariahs on the nation's X-rated theatrical circuit. Meanwhile, the brightness of California video porn, adorned by stunning, wholesome-looking beauties, captured the imaginations and libidos of America's porn hounds. And as video became more popular, the New York porn establishment brooded in a mire of despair, which reached its nadir with a 1985 film called *I Know What Girls Like*, a tribute to slime and ugliness.

Therefore, when the old stars put on their best clothes this past May and tried to throw an expensive party, it had the dissolute air of a few aristocrats going through the motions of attending a ball while the peasants burned the countryside down.

Nex year, if there's a seventh CAFA awards show, it should be very much like a well-lighted party aboard the Titanic.

This year's winners, besides Gloria Leonard, were *Taboo — American Style* (Best Picture), Henri Pachard (Best Director), Eric Edwards (Best Actor, *Corporate Assets*), Josey Duval (Best Supporting Actor, *Taboo — American Style*), Sheri St Claire (Best Supporting Actress, *Corporate Assets*, and Best Female Newcomer), and *New Wave Hookers* (Best Non-Stop Sex Film).

(Above) Tiffany Clark in solemn contemplation at the CAFA awards. (Below): Tasha Voux modelling her nail varnish.

TAMMY

Tammy comes from California, where she's like the upfrontwise like number one guru person, man, running her very own psycho-religious like franchise which is like heavily into marketing mystical insight and getting sweaty in invisible leotards, man. When quizzed about how she related to humanistic pyschology in general, she admitted that, actually, she wasn't into self-actualization as much as multiple orgasms. I replied to the effect that that seemed a fair comment and did she fancy a bit of international-have-a-nice-day-loins-across-the-water-and-all-that? Her response was to wrap a pair of fetching legs round my waist and gratify my b-needs. Whereupon a very sticky bout of mutual self-discovery ensued.

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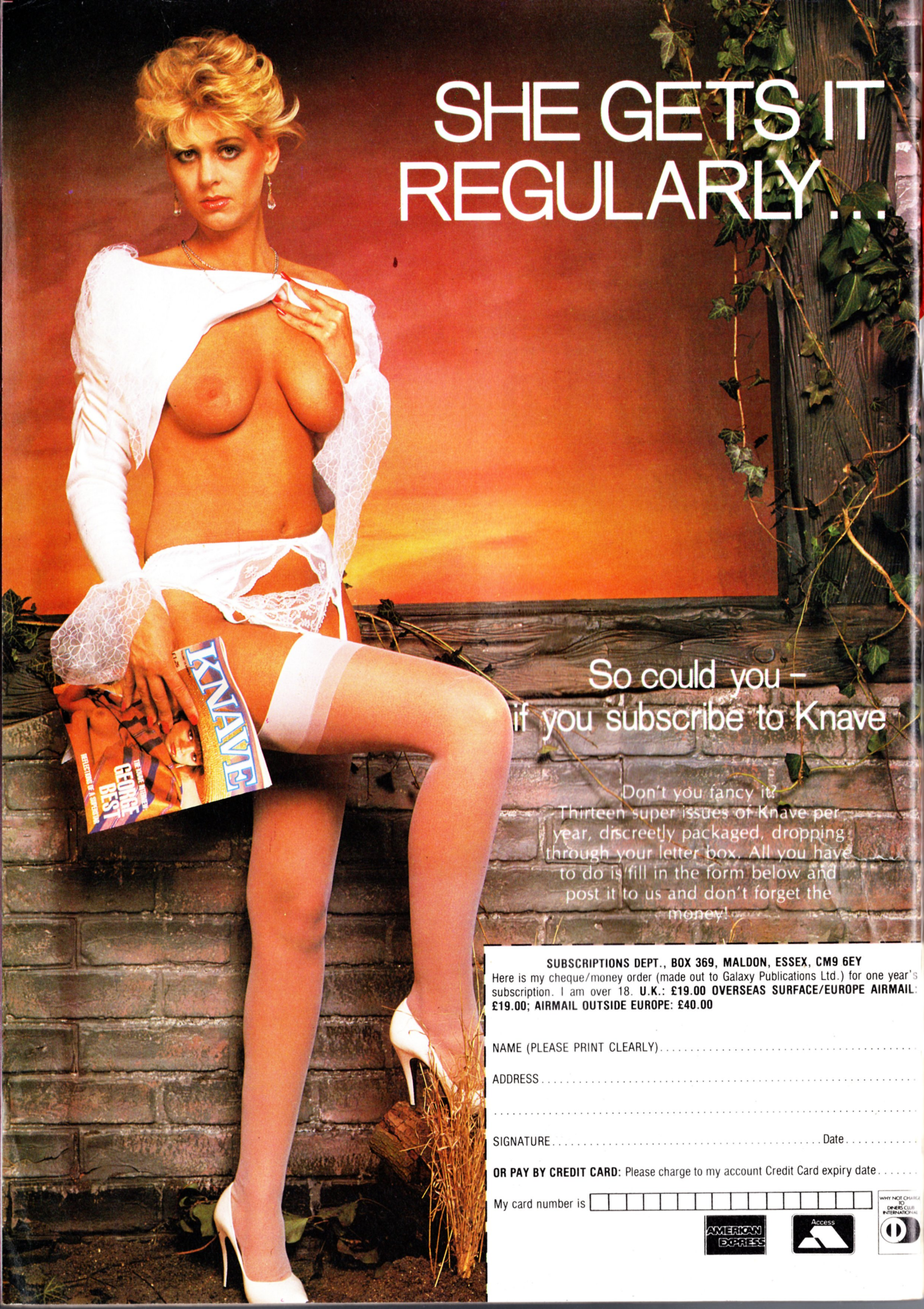
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